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MAGAZINE FEATURES

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Great Britain and the Dominions Overseas

CHANGES IN VACCINATION ARE ORDERED

British Ministry of Health Declares Inexpediency of Old Regulation in View of Mild Type of Smallpox

SCHOOL CHILDREN PARTLY EXEMPT

Suspected Lymph Used by Official Operator Was Imported From France, London Coroner Is Informed

CHANGES in the method of vaccination by public vaccinators have been announced by the Ministry of Health. In view of several recent cases in which death followed vaccination great interest attaches to the new orders, which are based on the report of a committee which investigated the question of vaccination last year.

The minister is of opinion that, in the present state of knowledge, and so long as the smallpox prevalent in the Old Country retains its present mild character, it is not generally expedient to press for the vaccination of children of school age or adolescents who have not previously been vaccinated, unless they have been in personal contact with a case of smallpox or directly exposed to smallpox infection.

Public alarm which had been caused some days previously by a mysterious fatal disease following vaccination was again voiced at an inquest in East London. A twelve-year-old boy, who died three weeks after vaccination, was the subject of the inquiry.

The deputy public vaccinator in his evidence said he vaccinated the deceased with lymph which he believed came from Paris. He admitted that rabbit's brain was used for lymph in France.

The coroner remarked that this was the third fatal case which he himself had investigated within a month.

This is the seventh death from vaccinal encephalitis reported recently.

Abbey Built in Year 740 A.D. Is Now Up for Sale

MINISTER Abbey, on the Isle of Thanet, the oldest residence in England, is for sale. Charles Senior, the present owner, who lived in the abbey for the last year after purchasing it from the Dowager Duchess, the Marchioness of Conyngham, said that he would like to spend the rest of his life there, but that his wife found the abbey too quiet after town life.

The abbey dates from 740 and during the existence of nearly 1,200 years has never been unoccupied. Mr. Senior bought it because he was interested in old buildings. It had been in the Conyngham family for 300 years and before that Benedictine monks had had it for 500, Benedictine nuns for 270, and it was Crown property for 100 years. Mr. Senior said he hoped the abbey would be bought on behalf of the Government or the Roman Catholics, who have a strong claim to it.

SCHOOLBOYS SEE BRITAIN

Canadian Lads Visit Old Country as Guests of Oxford and Cambridge Empire Tours Committee

SECOND ANNUAL VISIT SUCCESSFUL

The second conducted visit of Canadian school boys, organized by the Oxford and Cambridge Empire Tours Committee, was concluded recently, when a party comprising a dozen Canadian boys, nominated from the leading private schools in the Dominion, sailed on their return journey to Canada.

The object of these tours, states the committee, is to bring together the youth of Great Britain and Canada during the formative years of school life and to foster a mutual understanding of each other's points of view to the end that they may realize that they are all parts of one great Empire. The whole tour occupied approximately forty-five days, and included, besides a nine-day camp, visits to the Lake District, the Shakespeare country, Windsor, Oxford and Cambridge, Edinburgh, Glasgow and a score or more towns with great historic associations. The camp, which was held at Bournemouth from August 2 to 10, was a mixed camp of English and Canadian school boys, the former drawn from the leading schools in Britain, acting as hosts. The camp officers were members of the two universities. The boys were also taken to some of the big public schools by members of the two universities and by civic officials in the towns and cities which they visited.

AERIAL BLOODHOUNDS

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle Suggests Psychometry as Aid in Detection of Crime

That the psychometrist (a person who has the power of receiving impressions by touching articles) should help in the detection of crime—as an "aerial bloodhound"—is suggested by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

"I think that in the well-equipped police station of the future the trained clairvoyant will be part of the detective department," he says.

"I will give you an example of the help that might be given in unravelling a murder mystery. A blood-stained knife is found. You call in the psychometrist, who inspects the knife and the scene of the crime.

"He says to the highly-trained detective in charge of the case, 'I have a strong impression of a man with a long black moustache. He is wearing a brown suit.'

"That gives the detective something to work on, for, however skilled, he could not possibly have received an idea of the man's appearance from looking at the knife.

"I don't think anyone could ever be convicted on the knowledge and evidence of a clairvoyant, but I do think he can find clues where the police cannot."

CATHEDRAL OFFICERS

Canon Newbolt of St. Paul's Completes Thirty-Nine Years' Service to Verger's Fifty-Two Years

Canon W. C. E. Newbolt, who celebrated his eighty-fifth birthday recently, has been associated with St. Paul's Cathedral for thirty-nine years. He was made a Canon in 1890 and Chancellor of the Cathedral in the following year, after he had served as principal of Ely Theological College for two years. During his long service at St. Paul's Canon Newbolt has seen great changes in the character of the cathedral and its worship. He thinks that its religious life has been steadily growing since he went there in Dean Gregory's days. Mr. W. Skinner, the Dean's verger, who is seventy-seven, has just completed fifty-two years of office—the record for length of service at the cathedral.

ROYAL DUKE REBUKED

Their Highnesses of York Arouse Criticism by Watching Ambulance Work on Sunday

The Duke and Duchess of York's visit to an ambulance demonstration on a recent Sunday caused a storm in the Free Church of Scotland. This alleged desecration of the Sabbath was discussed by the Commission of Assembly in Edinburgh. The Rev. W. Fraser, a Scottish minister of Govan, suggested that they should send a resolution to the Duke of York "that such an insult to Scotland should not take place again." In the end the Commission adopted a resolution in general terms noting with regret the continued public flouting of the Sabbath day.

PHYSIC GARDEN

For 250 Years Little Known Beauty Spot Has Appealed to Thoughtful Londoners

Few Londoners seem to be aware of the Physic Garden, which has flourished in Chelsea since 1722. It is not open to the public, though it is possible to gain admission by ticket, but it offers pleasant glimpses to the passerby along the Thames Embankment, and is also of much historical interest. Sir Hans Sloane, who conveyed it to the Apothecaries' Society 250 years ago, did so "to the end that the garden might be continued as a physic garden, and for enabling the society to maintain the garden for the manifestation of the power, wisdom and glory of God in the words of the creation, and that the apprentices of the society and others might better distinguish good and useful plants from those that bear resemblance to them and yet are hurtful." The present controllers of the garden carry out the old injunction, so that it still contains nearly all the "recognition plants." The Physic Garden in all its long life has never been so helpful as it is today. Not only is it a centre of research, but it is almost indispensable to London's botanical students and quite recently sent specimens to some of the leading hospitals and science colleges.

PEACE DAY OBSERVED

Sheffield Schools Devote One Day Each Year to Cultivate International Friendship

The Sheffield schools have just celebrated their annual Peace Day with addresses from various city councillors at different educational centres. This is in accordance with a decision reached by the education committee that one day each year is to be set apart for teaching on the cultivation of friendly international relations and the promotion of peace. The kind of instruction best fitted to inculcate these lessons is left entirely to the discretion of the individual schoolmaster. Every teacher is given absolute freedom in this respect, the only condition insisted upon is that the day must be observed in some manner.

Annual Highland Games Held at Braemar



The Marquis of Aberdeen, Former Governor-General of Canada, Leads the March Past of the Clansmen in the Princess Royal Park. Braemar Is Now the Only Gathering at Which This Event Takes Place.

SEVENTY YEARS

Queensland Government Proposes a Change in Present Age Limit for Employees

The Queensland Government has decided to amend the Public Service rule that civil servants shall retire on reaching the age of sixty-five years. It must be shown, however, that the officer on reaching that age is able to continue the satisfactory discharge of his customary duties. The Premier (Mr. Moore), when questioned on the subject, said that the rule would not be enforced so long as the officer concerned was able to carry out his duties satisfactorily. The age limit provisions would apply, however, when officers reached seventy years.

REVIEW PRINCESS' IMMENSE ESTATE

Adopted Daughter of California Magnate Left Only $5,000,000 of $75,000,000 Received

The taking of evidence on commission in the suit in the Surrogate's Court of New York concerning the will of the late Princess Clare Elizabeth von Hatzfeldt was concluded at the American Consulate, London, recently. The inquiry had extended over eight days. The evidence taken will be forwarded to the Surrogate's Court, New York, which sits again in October.

Princess Hatzfeldt, the American wife of the German Prince von Hatzfeldt, inherited some £15,000,000 from her uncle and foster-father, Mr. Collis P. Huntington, one of the "Big Four" of Southern Pacific Railroad fame, about thirty years ago, but when she died in London last December her estate was valued at only £1,000,000, all of which was left to people resident in this country. Mr. Ernest Whitman Prentice, of San Francisco, her nephew and the sole surviving member of the family, contests the will, alleging fraud and undue influence by persons unknown. He asserts that he was on the best possible terms with the princess right up to the time of her death.

In all thirteen witnesses have been called in London, including Commander Claude Philip Champion de Crespigny, who benefits under the will to the extent of £100,000.

OPEN FLOATING DOCK

Governor of Straits Settlements Performs Official Ceremony at Singapore

Sir Hugh Clifford, the Governor of the Straits Settlements, officially opened the floating dock at the Singapore Naval Base on August 14. In the course of his speech, Sir Hugh said he had not been consulted as regards the future policy regarding the base, but he thought it would most unlikely that a final decision would be reached without consulting the rulers of the Malay States, at whose instigation the Government of the Federated States contributed $10,000,000 towards the cost of construction of the base.

ENJOY PENNY TOURS

Glasgow's Experiment for Benefit of Poor Children Proves Successful

Over 800,000 Glasgow children found in the humble penny a means of traveling any distance in the city on one journey during the holiday month of July. The cheap travel facilities were taken advantage of by a record number of children as the figures issued by the Tramways department show. The special tourist "penny singles" were issued to the number of 1,116,767. This brought in a revenue of over £4,650, which is considered an adequate return for the experiment.

Country Amenities

People in lonely parts of Devonshire are now able to post their letters on an omnibus, arrangements having been made by the Postoffice by which the omnibus running between Plymouth and Kingsbridge will carry a letter box.

INCREASED USE OF THAMES IS SOUGHT

Suggestion Put Forward That River Be Made Highway, Relieving Tube and Street Traffic

The more popular use of the Thames as a highway, it has been suggested, while providing a pleasant change for the public, might do much to relieve the traffic congestion of the London and other riverside streets. This idea is one that is being much discussed just now. There is a widespread opinion that means might be found to use with advantage the facilities afforded by the river as a great natural highway. The failure of the cheap steamboat service of the L.C.C. is not regarded as in any sense a final word on the question. Recently in a letter to The Times a correspondent quoted a definite scheme for a swift river service which was frustrated by "vested interests," and references have also been made to the steamboats of the Seine and the large part they play in the life of Parisians. It is urged by many that the matter should not be regarded solely from a point of view of whether a service taken by itself pays. Better provision for river transit, it is said, would relieve roads and tubes, and save money that it might be intended to use for their development in view of the constantly increasing demands for better facilities, and thus would play a definite part in the solution of the problem as a whole.

NEW GUINEA WANTS SHARE IN CONTROL

Territory Under Mandate to Australia Asks Change in Present Conditions

The 3,700 white residents of New Guinea, one of the territories now governed by Australia under the Pacific mandate, desire a change in the form of their administration. At present New Guinea is under the control of an administrator, Brigadier-General Wisdom, who is responsible to the Prime Minister's department, Canberra.

This form of departmental government under which the residents have no voice in the management of affairs is now thought to be inadequate for this important dependency of Australia, and following upon representations which have been made to the authorities at Canberra, it is likely that in the next session of parliament a bill will be introduced for the purpose of providing for a legislative council of nominee members.

Though the residents would prefer to have an elective council, this would not be in accordance with the League of Nations mandate, and for some time at least they will have to be content with a nominated chamber, with a preponderance of government nominees.

BIRD PARADISE GROWS

Sanctuary in British West Indies Proves Great Success Under Government Care

The Island of Little Tobago, eleven miles from this port, has become a bird paradise. This small island of less than 500 acres attracted the attention some years ago of Sir William Ingham, former proprietor of The London Illustrated News. He conceived the idea of making it a refuge for birds of every size and description. He imported a large number of birds of paradise which have thrived and multiplied in their new surroundings. On the death of Sir William the island went to Lady Ingham for life. On her death in October, 1926, Sir Herbert Ingham and Mr. Bruce Ingham came into the property. Later they expressed the wish to convey the island to the King, and to rename it Ingham Island. The Government of Tobago and Trinidad arranged to care for the birds. Food and water have since been carried regularly to the island. The birds are increasing in numbers rapidly.

EX-POLICE CHIEF DIES

Former Superintendent Hawkins, of Scotland Yard, Succumbs—Retired Eight Months

Ex-Superintendent Albert Hawkins, formerly one of the "Big Five" at Scotland Yard, has died at Teddington, aged fifty-eight. Mr. Hawkins served for thirty-eight years in the Metropolitan Police Force, starting as a constable. He was one of the most brilliant officers in the force and was the Yard's greatest expert on "swell" crackamen. Among cases in which he was prominently before the public was that of Ronald True, who was sentenced to death for the murder of a woman, but was reprieved and sent to Broadmoor. The last well-known case in which he figured was the Richmond Park murder, in which the guilty man was hanged. He retired less than eight months ago.

BRITAIN IMPORTS MORE FROM EMPIRE

Thousands of Tons Increase Seen in Farm Produce Bought in 1928 From Dominions

Returns just issued for 1928 show that while the quantity of beef imported from Empire sources increased by 28,000 tons as compared with 1927, the supply from foreign countries showed a decline of 99,000 tons. On the other hand, there was an increase of 2,000 tons of mutton and lamb and 24,000 tons of pig meat from foreign countries, while supplies from Empire sources showed practically no change as compared with the previous year.

Imports of grain showed a notable variation in favor of Empire sources. Wheat imports from foreign countries declined by 250,000 tons on the year, while barley and oats showed reductions of 37,000 tons and 2,000 tons, respectively. On the other hand, receipts of wheat from countries within the Empire increased on the year by 38,000 tons, and barley and oats showed additions of 12,000 tons and 40,000 tons compared with the quantities received in 1927.

WANT CITY MANAGERS

Dublin and Boroughs Seek Law to Change Method of Municipal Control

The Dublin Star has published the outline of a bill which proposes to create a new county borough of Dublin, embracing the present city area and the industrialised suburbs. A new coastal borough will also be formed, consisting of the coast townships of Blackrock, Kingstown and Dalkey. Each borough will have a city manager on the American model and a flat tax rate will be levied in each area.

ASKED TO LEAVE ABBEY

Bareheaded Girl Refused Permission to Worship in Empire's Great Shrine

"It is surely a question of dressing for the occasion," said one of the clergy at Westminster Abbey on a recent occasion, discussing an incident during evensong when a young woman was requested to leave because she was bareheaded. "The clergyman who approached the girl could not have acted more discreetly and politely than he did in showing her St. Paul's dictum: 'Is it comely that a woman pray unto God uncovered?' Can a woman attend divine service with bare arms? I should say not. Reverence does not permit of a ballroom dress."

SWANS AT BREAKFAST

Replicas in Plush of Royal Bird Ornament Table as Cosy and Teapot Holders

A novel and pleasing addition to the breakfast table is a fine replica of a swan made in black and white plush, says a London paper. The swan, which is remarkably lifelike, is intended as the cosy for the teapot. There is also a smaller swan which does duty as a teapot holder, while another, smaller still, will keep your egg warm.

ROUND WORLD IN SIXTY-ODD HOURS

British Engineer Has Visions of Trip Across "Pond" in Four Hours and Other Speedy Jaunts

Sir A. V. Roe, the English engineer, has visions of a flight to New York in four hours and to Australia in less than twenty-four hours, within the next half century, by machines traveling 400 miles an hour like rockets by jet propulsion in the higher atmosphere.

He recently said that exhaustive research is already proceeding into the possibilities of jet propulsion. From cylinders within the machines, jets of air can be expelled at enormous pressure, forcing the plane forward. Machines are already being designed which will reach maximum power only at a height of 25,000 feet. Passengers, in luxurious cabins, will be hermetically sealed, as they will not be able to breathe in the rarefied atmosphere.

BUSY PLAYGROUND

3,000 Children Enjoy Romp in New Play Centre Provided by Lord Rothermere

The new holiday play centre at the old Foundling Hospital, in Guilford Street, London, which Lord Rothermere lent to the Joint Committee of Voluntary Associations for Child Welfare, now affords its youthful visitors its full measure of happiness. In brilliant sunshine recently some 3,000 children romped and played in unrestricted freedom. For 200 of the tiniest of them there were tempting meals in the grateful shade of old plane trees, and, for those who could be induced to take it, refreshing sleep afterwards on low camp beds. There were few who could resist the compelling call of toys and games, of bricks and sandpits. The older ones—and they were by far in the majority—indulged in cricket and football, in rounders and the other games favored by little Londoners. Everywhere there were willing helpers—students from training colleges, teachers on holiday, the senior boys and girls from surrounding secondary and technical schools, all imbued with the one desire to bring happiness to the young visitors.

DESTROY 705 SHIPS

Lloyd's Register Shows Total Tonnage of 1,314,647 Disappeared From Seas in 1928

Statistical summary of ships totally lost, broken up and condemned, and now published by Lloyd's Register, shows that during 1928 the gross reduction in the mercantile marine of the world amounted to 705 ships of 1,314,647 tons, excluding all ships of less than 100 tons.

Of this total 584 ships, of 1,220,176 tons, were steamers and motorships, and 121, of 94,471 tons, were sailing ships. These figures, compared with those of 1927, show an increase of 367,778 tons as regards steamers and motorships, and a decrease of 45,200 tons for sailing ships, the net increase for 1928 being 322,578 tons. This is not altogether due to actual casualties, but to the fact that 783,586 tons were broken up during 1928, as against 474,677 tons in 1927.

Tonnage of ships owned in Great Britain and Ireland which were broken up, dismantled, etc., during 1928, amounts to 174,934.

TO GROW SILK

Expert on Culture to Report on Experiments Under Way in African Dominions

At the invitation of the respective Governments, the Imperial Institute has arranged for Mr. Norton Breton to visit Tanganyika, Uganda, Nyasaland, Southern Rhodesia and the Union of South Africa for the purpose of studying the possibilities of silk-raising on a commercial scale. Mr. Breton is chairman of the Advisory Committee on Silk Production in the Empire at the Imperial Institute, and, under its auspices, experiments in silk-growing in these countries have been proceeding for some time.

Proposed Statue of Lord Haig Opposed By His Relatives

IN connection with the protests voiced against the selected design for the monument to the memory of the late Field Marshal Haig the following letter has appeared in The Times:

Sir,—We, the undersigned nephews and nieces of the late Lord Haig, desire to protest most strongly against the proposed statue of our uncle, designed by Mr. Hardiman. The figure bears not the faintest resemblance to him—is not even a good caricature; and, knowing him intimately as we did, we can honestly say we do not recognise any single feature in the proposed statue. Also, why, if he wears a cloak, does he not wear a hat? He always looked his best when riding, was a first rate judge of a horse, and would never have mounted an animal of the remarkable breed depicted in the published picture. Is it not possible to make a model of his own charger which is now in the Royal Stables?

Yours truly,
JOHN HAIG (Lt.-Col.),
RACHEL HAIG,
CECIL DE PREE (Lt.-Col.),
RUTH DE PREE.

IRON ORE DISCOVERED

Large Finds Reported in Burma by Geological Survey of India

Three large discoveries of iron have been reported in the Myitkana district in Burma, according to a report of the Geological Survey of India. The ore generally occurs in the form of boulders scattered through a rich, red earth. Earthy and crystalline hematite and limonite make up the great bulk of it. The ore is found at more than 2,000 feet above the sea level, generally on the summit of plateaus.

"EMPEROR" OF AFRICA SPEAKS

Many Thousand Negroes in World-Wide Conclave in Jamaica Hear of Free Race Scheme

PARADE INCLUDES 15,000 PEOPLE

Marcus Garvey, self-styled Emperor of Africa, gorgeous and dazzling in a scarlet cloak and a cocked hat, has been in his glory for thirty days during the session of the Universal Negro Improvement Association at Kingston, Jamaica. This was the sixth annual convention of the Negro peoples of the world. Garvey, as president of the association, has been the central figure of the convention, but other prominent negroes have been in attendance from all parts of the world.

The thirty-day session began with a parade in which 15,000 persons participated. Meetings have been held day and night attended by crowds variously estimated at from 5,000 to 40,000. Orderliness and good nature have been preserved throughout. Extra police were brought from the interior of Jamaica, but their services have not been needed.

Garvey, in his introductory speech, said that his organization was not fighting any Government. "While their goal is a free negro race, they recognise constituted authority and know that it is only by respecting law, the law of organized society, that they can live in peace with the world," Garvey said.

IRELAND KEEPS RELICS

The Government is framing a law to give it the right to acquire any ancient buildings or ruins in Ireland which it thinks should be under public rather than private ownership. Foreigners have captured so many English historical structures that it is proposed in the new law to prohibit the export from Ireland of any part of a national monument.

SQUARE WAR DEBT

Freight and Passage Moneys Paid Britain Liquidate Her Yearly United States Payments

American pay annually to the British merchant marine, for ocean carriage of passengers and freight, approximately £30,000,000, which corresponds closely to the war debt payment made by the British Government to the United States Treasury.

EMPIRE SCHOLARSHIPS

In connection with the Fellowship of the British Empire Exhibition Scholarships for boys in the Old Country at agricultural colleges in the Dominions, one of the boys has reached second place in a class of thirty-six at Guelph Agricultural College, Ontario, and another was top of his class for the year at Kemptville Agricultural College. Others of the scholars have already started farming on their own account.

PUPILS MAKE PROGRESS AT NEW COLLEGE

First Students at Bonar Law Memorial Institution Take Up Courses of Study at Interesting Community

SIXTY-ONE MEN AND WOMEN JOIN

Presentation of Ashridge House to Conservative Party Makes Possible Delightful Change

THE first students to take a course of political instruction at the Bonar Law College have now been at Ashridge Park long enough to settle down as a happy and interested community.

Their object is to make the most of a fortnight in which the gathering of useful knowledge from lectures and discussions is associated with the charm of a lovely corner of England and traditions which reach back to the thirteenth century.

There are sixty-one men and women in residence, and they are of varied ages and are drawn from widely differing interests and classes. A group of Oxford men includes a former president of the Union. Some of the students have come with a fair grounding in economics and kindred subjects which have a political bearing. Others are taking an elementary plunge into a specialised curriculum. A few are manual workers who think that trade union membership need not necessarily involve acceptance of the theories of Socialism. The aim of the course, as Mr. Baldwin stated when he opened the college, is to send the students back to their own part of the country "given the material to think and to form sound conclusions from premises."

Ashridge House is to carry forward and develop the experiment which began with the foundation about six years ago of the Philip Stott College at Overstone Park. The change of setting from Northamptonshire to Buckinghamshire is the outcome of the presentation to the Conservative party by the late Mr. Urban Broughton of Ashridge House, and its grounds, to be maintained as a Conservative college in memory of Mr. Bonar Law.

DEFENDS EXPERTS

Former British Financial Representative at Geneva Answers Some Criticisms

Sir Josiah Stamp, one of Great Britain's financial representatives at Geneva, has written a letter to the press, defending himself and colleagues from the criticisms directed against those who, on behalf of the Old Country, consented to the Young plan.

"Snowden has set out to get something off the Latins," states Sir Josiah. "He has got practically nothing and our face has been saved by putting more onto Germany, which is rather the opposite to what, on economic grounds, was the trend of our influence in Paris. I doubt the final efficacy of the victory on economic grounds. I am not enough of a politician to say whether it is good politics. Much more might be said on the influence of the Balfour note, policy, etc."

The reference to an opposition to putting more on Germany is explained by the view that Germany pays reparations only by exports which compete particularly with British goods.

It is true that Snowden's victory was partly at the expense of Germany. There is a surplus of $60,000,000 arising this year from the Young plan being substituted for the Dawes plan. Germany expected at least one-sixth of this surplus for herself, but is getting none of it. Germany, moreover, is made to pay at the end of each month instead of at the end of each six months. There is a loss of interest to Germany for the benefit of creditor powers on this account. Britain received an immediate lump sum of $25,000,000. This value is obtained by calculatable instead of a five and a half per cent table which the British delegation hitherto used.

BREED MUSKRATS

Perthshire Man Undertakes Experiment in Fur Breeding at Whitemoss Loch

An experiment in fur breeding from muskrats is to be undertaken in Perthshire by Mr. Ian P. Gollan Keiller. The experiments are to be made at Whittemoss Loch, in the Dunning area. Musquash is the fur of the muskrat, which is three times the size of the ordinary rodent.

Thank-Offering Fund

The Thank-Offering Fund for the recovery of the King has now reached £469,276. The latest list of donations includes another instalment of the sums collected in the churches.

On Strike

By ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

"FURTHERMORE, howadji," ventured Najib, who had not spoken for fully half an hour, but had been poring over a sheaf of shipment items scribbled in Arabic, "furthermore, I am yearnful to know who was the unhappy person the wicked general threatened Or, of a perhape it was that poor general himself who was bethreatened by his padishah or by the——"

"What on earth are you babbling about, Najib?" absent-mindedly asked Logan Kirby, as he looked up from a month-old New York paper which had arrived by muleteer that day and which the expatriated American had been reading with pathetic interest.

Now, roused from his perusal by Najib's query, Logan saw that the little Syrian had ceased wrestling with the shipment items and was peering over his employer's shoulder, his beady eyes fixed in keen curiosity on the printed page.

"I enseeched you to tell me, howadji," said Najib, 'who has been threatening that poor general. Or, perchancely, who has been made to cower himself underneath of that fierce general's threatenings. See, it is there, howadji."

Following the guidance of Najib's stubby, unwashed finger, Kirby read the indicated headline: "General Strike Threatened."

"Oh!" he answered, choking back a grin. "I see. There isn't any 'general,' Najib. And he isn't threatened. It means——"

Kirby's attempt at self-control went to pieces. He guffawed. Najib eyed him sourly; then said in icy reproof:

"It is known to all howadji, that Sidi-ben-Hassan, the sheikh, was the wisest of men. And did not Sidi-ben-Hassan make known in his book that 'Laughter is for women and for hyenas?' Furthermore——"

"I'm sorry I laughed at you, Najib," returned Kirby, with due penitence "I don't wonder you got such an idea from the headline You see, I have read the story that goes under it. It's like this We'll say a gang of men aren't satisfied with the pay or the hours they are getting. They asked for more money or for shorter hours, or for both. If the demand is refused, they stop working. They won't go back to their jobs till they get the cash and the hours they want. That is known as 'going on strike.' When a number of concerns are involved in it, it's called 'a general strike.' This paper says a general strike is threatened, That means——"

Deprived of Wisdom

"I APPERCEIVE it, howadji," exclaimed Najib. "I am onward to it now I might have known the printed page cannot lie. But, oh, my heart berends itself when I think of the sad fate of those poor folk who do the striking! Of an assuredly Allah hath deprived them of wisdom!"

"Not necessarily," argued Kirby, wondering at his henchman's outburst of sympathy for union laborers so many thousand miles away. "They may win, you know, or, at least, get a compromise. And their unions will support them while they are out of work. Of course, they may lose. And then——"

"But when they make refusal to do their work, urged Najib, "will not the soldiers of the pasha cut them to ribbons with the kourbash and drive them back to their toil?"

"Hold on!" exhorted Kirby, albeit despairing of opening the mind of a man whose forebears for thousands of years had lived in a land where the corvee—forced labor—was a hallowed institution, and where the money of employers could always enlist the aid of Government soldiery to keep the fellaheen at their tasks. "Hold on! that sort of thing is dead and done with. Even in the East. Chinese Gordon stamped out the last of it in Egypt years ago. If a man doesn't want to work, he can't be forced to. All his boss can do is to fire him and try to get someone in his place When a whole factory of men strike—especially if there are any big contract orders to fill in a rush—the employers sometimes find it cheaper to give them what they want than to call in untrained strikebreakers. On the other hand, sometimes the boss can bring the man to terms. It all depends."

Powers of Explaining

SELDOM was Kirby so successful in making Najib follow so long an oration. And he was pleased with his own new-found powers of explaining Occidental customs to an Oriental mind

Now, Logan Kirby knew the tangled Syrian character and its myriad queen slants, as well as it can be given to a white man to know it. Kirby's father had been a missionary at Nablous. He himself had been born there, and had spent his boyhood at the mission That was why—after he had completed his engineering course at Columbia's School of Mines and had served an apprenticeship in Colorado and Arizona—the Sabell Smelting Company of New York had sent him out to the land of Moab as manager of its new-acquired little antimony mine.

The mine—a mere prospect shaft—was worked by about thirty fellaheen—native laborers—supervised by a native guard of twelve Turkish soldiers. Small as was the plant, it was a rich property and it was piling up dividends for the Cabells. Antimony, in the East, is used in a score of ways—from its employment in the form of kohl, carries a true appeal to the Eastern imagination. It has all the elements of revenge, of coercion, of trapping, of wily give-and-take and of simple and logical gambling uncertainty which characterise the most popular of the Arabian Nights yarns and which have made those tales remain as Syrian classics for more than ten centuries.

"It is of an assuredly a pleasing and noble plan," applauded Najib when Kirby finished the divers ramifications of his discourse "If the stroking ones may not be lawfully attackled by the pashalik troops, indeed must the general——"

Presently, in his absorption in his work, the American forgot the whole incident It was the beginning of a rush period at the mine —the busiest month in its history was just setting in. The Alexandretta-bound shipment of the morrow was but the first of twelve big shipments scheduled for the next twenty-nine days.

Mine's Rush Orders

THE restoration of peace and the shutting out of several Central European rivals had thrown an unprecedented sheaf of rush orders on the Cabell mine.

It was a big chance, as Kirby had explained to Najib during the past few weeks. At his behest, the little superintendent had used every known method to get extra work and extra speed out of the fellaheen end, by judicious bakasheesh, had even impressed to the toil several members of the haughty Turkish guard and certain folk from the nearest hill village

As a result, the first shipment was ready for the muleteers to carry coastward a full week ahead of schedule time.

The work was progressing finely. Kirby thrilled at the thought. And for the darkening of women's eyes, to the chemical by-products, always in demand by Syrian apothecaries.

Kirby's personal factotum, as well as superintendent of the mine, was this squat little Syrian, Najib, who had once spent two blissfully useless years with an All Nations Show at Coney Island, and who there had picked up a language which he proudly believed to be English, and which he spoke exclusively when talking with the manager.

Truly Oriental

KIRBY'S rare knowledge of the East had enabled the mine to escape ruin a score of times where a manager less conversant with Oriental ways must have blundered into some fatal error in the handling of his men or in dealing with the local authorities.

Remember, please, that in the East it is the seemingly insignificant things which bring disaster to the feringhee, or foreigner. For example, many an American or European has met unavenged death because he did not realize that he was heaping vile affront upon his Bedouin host by eating with his left hand. Many a foreign manager of labor has lost instant and complete control over his fellaheen by deigning to wash his own shirt in the nearby river or for brushing the dirt from his own clothes. Thereby he has proved himself a laborer instead of a master of men.

Yes, Kirby had been invaluable to his employers by virtue of his inborn knowledge of Syrian ways. Yet, now, he was not enough of an Oriental to understand why his lecture on the strike system should thrill his listener

He did not pause to realize that the idea of strikes was one which he was just a little ashamed of his recent impatience at Nadjid, when he remembered how the superintendent was pushing the relays of consignments along. After all, he mused, it was no reflection on Najib's intelligence that the poor little chap could not grasp the whole involved Occidental strike system in one hasty lecture, and that his simple mind clung to the delusion that there was some fierce general involved in it.

But, soon after dusk, Kirby had reason to know that his words had not all fallen on barren soil. At close of the working day, Najib had brought the manager the usual diurnal report from the mine. Now after supper Kirby, glancing over the report again, found a gap or two in the details. This was no novelty, the Syrian mind not lending itself readily to the compilation of terse yet complete reports And occasionally Kirby was obliged to summon his henchman to correct or amend the day's tally sheet.

In Najib's Quarters

"THEREFORE, the list in his hand, the American strolled down from his own knoll-top tent toward Najib's quarters. As Najib was superintendent, and thus technically an official, Kirby could make such domiciliary visits without loss of prestige

Just outside the radius of the fellaheen's firelight, Kirby paused For he heard Najib's shrill voice uplifted in speech. And amusedly he halted and prepared to turn back. He had no wish to break in upon a harangue so interesting as the speaker seemed to find this one.

Najib's voice was pitched far above the tones of normal Eastern conversation—louder and more excited than that of a professional storyteller.

Yet at a stray word of Najib's Kirby checked involuntarily his own retreat, and paused again to look back There stood Najib in the centre of the firelit circle; hands and head in wild emotion. Around him, spellbound, squatted the ring of his dark-faced and unwashed hearers. The superintendent, being with his own people, was orating in pure Arabic—or, rather, in the colloquial vernacular which is as close to pure Arabic as one can expect to hear, except among the remoter Bedouins.

"Thus it is!" he was declaiming. "Even as I have sought to show you, oh, addle-witted offspring of mangy camels and one-eyed mules! In that far country, when men are dissatisfied with their wage, they take counsel together and they say one unto the other. 'Lo, we shall labor no more unless our hire be greater and our toil hours less!' Then they go to their sheikh or whomever he be who hath hired them, and they say to him: 'Oh, favored of Allah, behold we must have such and such wage and such and such hours of labor!' Then doth their sheikh cast ashes up his beard and rend his garments. For doth he not know his fate is upon him and that his breath is in his nostrils? Yet will they not listen to his prayers, but at once they make 'strike.'

"Then doth their sheikh betake himself to the pasha with his grievance, beseeching the pasha, with many rich gifts, that he will throw those strike-making laborers into prison and scourge their kinsmen with the kourbash. But the pasha maketh answer with tears: 'Lo, I am helpless! What saith the law? It saith that a man may strike at will, and that his employer must pay what is demanded!'"

The Pipe of Peace

AND Kirby waited to hear no more With a groan of disgust at the orator's imbecility, he went back, up the hill, to his own tent.



But the Aspect of Kirby's Distorted Face Shocked the Syrian Into a Grunt of Terror.

Stretching himself out lazily in his long chair, Kirby exhumed from a shirt pocket his disreputable brier pipe and filled and lighted it. The big white Syrian stars glinted down on him from a black velvet sky. Along the nearer peaks and hollows of the Moab Mountains the knots of prowling jackals kept up a running chorus of yapping—a discordant chant punctuated now and then by the far-away howl of a hunting wolf; or by the choking "laugh" of a hyena in the valley below, who thus gave forth the news of some especially delicious bit of carrion discovered among the rocks

And Kirby was reminded of Najib's quoted dictum that "laughter is for women and for hyenas."

The Syrian had been his comrade in many a vicissitude. And he knew that Najib's fondness for him was as sincere as can be that of any Oriental for a foreigner, an affection based not wholly on self-interest. Kirby enjoyed his evening powwows with the superintendent beside the campfire and the little man's amazing faculty for mangling the English tongue.

He rather missed Najib's presence tonight. But he was not to miss it for long Just as he was about to knock out his pipe and go to bed, the native came pattering up the slope on excitedly rapid feet and squatted as usual on the ground beside the American's lounging chair. In Najib's manner there was a scarce-repressed jubilant thrill. His beady eyes shone wildly.

"Well?" queried Kirby in no especial excitement. "I've been here all evening. while you've stayed below there, trying to increase those fellaheens' stock of ignorance. What's the idea?"

Grand Tidings

"OH, I prythee you, do not let my awayness beget your goat, howadji!" pleaded Najib, ever sensitive of any kind of reproof from his master. "I am the bearer of grand tidings. If I had not of been where I have been this evening—and doing what I have done—there would not be any tidings at all"

"Go ahead," adjured Kirby, humoring the wistful eagerness of the man. "What's the news you have for me?"

"To speak with a briefness, howadji," he proclaimed grandiloquently, "we have all stroked ourselfs!"

"For the love of heaven!" exclaimed Kirby in sudden loss of patience. "What are you driving at? What do you mean about 'stroking yourselves?' Say it in Arabic. Then perhaps I can find what you mean."

"It is not to be said in the Arabic, howadji," returned Najib, wincing at this slur on his English. "For there is not such a thing in the Arabic as to make strike. We make strike This I say is we 'stroke ourselves.' If it is the wrong way for saying it——"

"Strike!" repeated Kirby, perplexed "What do you mean? Are you still thinking what I told you today? If you are going——"

"I have bethought of it, howadji, ever since," was the reply. "And it is because of my much bethoughting that I found my splendorous plan. That is my tidings I bethought it all out with tremense clearness and wiseness Then I told those others down yonder At first they were of a stupidity. But at last I made them understand And they rejoiced of it. So it is all settled most sweetly. You may not fear that they will not stand by it. As soon as that was made sure I came to you to tell——"

"Najib," groaned Kirby, his head awhirl, "Will you stop chewing chunks of indigestible language, and tell me what you are jabbering about? What was it you thought over? And what is 'all settles?' What will——"

"The strike, of an assuredly," explained Najib, as if in pity of his chief's denseness. "Tonight we make strike. All of us. That is one tiding And you, too, make strike with us That is the other tiding. Tomorrow we all sleep late. No work is to be made. And so it shall be on each dear and nice and happy day, until Cabell Effendi—he his sons an hundred and his wives true!—shall pay us the money we ask and make short our hours of toil. Then——"

Native Simplicity

KIRBY sought to speak. But his breath was gone. He only gobbled. Taking the wordless sound for a token of high approval, Najib hastened on more glibly with his programme.

"On the tomorrow's morning, howadji," he said, "we enseech that you will write a sorrowsome letter to Cabell Effendi, in the Broad Street of New York, and say to him that all of us have made strike and that we shall work no more until we have from his hands a writing that our payment shall be two mejidie for every mejidie we have been capturing from his company. Also and likewise that we shall work but half time. And that you, howadji, are to receive even as we, save only that your wage is to be enswollen to three times than what it is now. Furthermore, howadji, tell him, I prythee you, that we——"

A veritable yell from Kirby broke in on the smug instructions. The American had recovered enough of his breath to expend a lungful of it in one profane bellow. In a flash he visualized the whole scene at the fellaheens' quarters. Najib's crazy explanation of the strike system and of the supposed immunity from punishment that would follow sabotage and other violence, the fellaheens' duller brains gradually seizing on the idea until it had become as much a part of their mucilaginous mentality as the Koran itself, and Najib's friendly desire that Kirby might share in the golden benefits of the new scheme.

Najib smiled up at him as might a dog that had just performed some pretty new trick, or a child who has brought to its father a gift. But the aspect of Kirby's distorted face there in the dying firelight shocked the Syrian into a grunt of terror Scrambling to his feet, he sputtered quaveringly.

"Tame yourself, howadji, I enseech you! Why are you not rejoiceful? Will it not mean much money for you, and——"

"Listen to me!" ordered Kirby, fighting hard for self-control and forcing himself to speak with unnatural slowness. "You've done more damage than if you had dynamited the whole mine and then turned a river into the shaft. This kind of news spreads. In a week there won't be a worker east of the Jordan who won't be a strike fan. And these people here will work the idea a step farther. I know them. They'll decide that if one strike is good, two strikes are better. And they will strike every week—loafing between times."

Added Admiration

THIS prospect brought a grin of pure bliss to Najib's swarthy face. He looked in new admiration upon his far-sighted chief.

Then, taking new hold on his self-control, Kirby began again to talk As if addressing a defective child, which, as a matter of fact, he was doing, he expounded the hideous situation.

He explained the disloyalty to the Cabells of such a move as Najib had planned. He pointed out the pride he and Najib had taken in the new business they had secured from the home office, and the fact that this new business had brought an increase of pay to them both as well as to the fellaheen. He showed how great a triumph for the mine was this vast increase of business, and the stark necessity of impressing the new customers by the promptitude and uniform excellence of all shipments He pointed out the utter collapse to this and to all the rest of the mine's connections which a strike would entail.

Najib listened to this with interest, but with no great conviction.

Even Kirby's declaration that the ridiculous strike would be a failure, and that the Government would assuredly punish any damage to the Cabell property, did not serve to impress him. Najib was a Syrian. An idea, once firmly rooted in his mind, was loath to let itself be torn thence by mere words. Kirby waxed desperate

"You have wrecked this whole thing!" he stormed. "You got an idiotically wrong slant on what I told you about strikes today, and you have ruined us all. Even if you should go down there to the quarters this minute and tell the men that you were mistaken and that the strike is off—you know they wouldn't believe you And you know they would go straight ahead with the thing That's the Oriental of it. They'd refuse to go on working And our shipments wouldn't be delivered None of the ore for the next shipments would be mined The men would just hang about, peacefully waiting for the double pay and the half time that you've promised them"

"But soon Cabell Effendi will reply to your letter," went on Najib. "And then the double paying——"

"To my letter!" mocked the raging Kirby.

An Inspiration

THEN he paused, a sudden inspiration smiting him.

"Najib," he continued after a minute concentrated thought, "you have sense enough to know one thing: You have sense enough to know you people can't get that extra pay till I write Mr. Cabell and demand it for you. There's not another one of you who can write English. There's no one here but yourself who can speak or understand it or make shift to spell out a few English words in print. And Mr. Cabell doesn't know a word of Arabic—let alone the Arabic script. And your own two years at Coney Island must have shown you that no New Yorkers would know how to read an Arabic letter to him. Now, I swear to you, by every Christian and Moslem faith, that I shan't write such a letter! So how are you going to get word to him that you people are on strike and that you won't do another lick of work till you get double pay and half time? How are you going to do that?"

Najib's solid face went blank Here at last was an argument that struck home. He had known Kirby for years, long enough to know that the American was most emphatically a man, of his word. If Kirby swore he would not act as the men's intermediary with the company, then decisively Kirby would keep his oath. And Najib realized the futility of getting anyone else to write such a letter in any language which the Cabell Smelting Company's home office would decipher.

He peered up at Kirby with disconsolate astonishment. Quick to take advantage of the change, the manager hurried on:

"Now, the men are on strike. That's understood. Well, what are you going to do about it? When the draft for the monthly pay roll comes to the bank at Jerusalem, I shall refuse to indorse it. I give you my oath on that, too. I am not going to distribute the company's cash among a bunch of strikers. Without my signature, the bank won't cash the draft. You know that. Well, how are you going to live, all of you, on nothing a month? When the present stock of provisions gives out I'm not going to order them renewed. And the provision people in Jerusalem won't honor anyone's order for them but mine. This is the only concern in Syria today that pays within forty per cent of the wages you chaps are getting With no pay and no food you're due to find your strike rather costly. For when the mine shuts down I'm going back to America. There'll be nothing to keep me here I'll be ruined in any case You people will find yourself without money or provisions And if you go elsewhere for work it will be at pay that is only a little more than half what you are getting now Your lookout isn't cheery, my striking friend!"

A Pause of Horror

HE made as though to go into his tent. After a brief pause of horror, Najib pattered hurriedly and beseeching in his wake

"Howadji!" pleaded the Syrian shakily. "Howadji! You would not, in the untamefulness of your mad, desertion us like that? Not me, anyhow? Not me, who have loved as Daoud the Emir loved Jonathan of old. You would not forsook me to starve myself! Ole! Ohe!"

"Shut up that ungodly racket!" snapped Kirby, entering his tent and lighting his lamp, as the first piercing notes of the traditional mourner chant exploded through the unhappy Najib's wide-flung jaws.

"But, howadji!" pleaded Najib.

"Tamen!" growled Kirby, summarily speaking the age-hallowed Arabic word for the ending of all interviews.

"But I shall be beruinated, howadji!" tearfully insisted Najib

Covertly the American watched his henchmen while pretending to make ready for bed If he had fully and permanently scared Najib into a conviction that the strike would spell ruin for the Syrian himself, then the little man's brain might possibly be-jarred into one of its rare intervals of uncanny craftiness, and Najib might hit upon some way of persuading the fellaheen that the strike was off

This was Kirby's sole hope And he knew it. Unless the fellaheen could be so convinced, it meant the strike would continue until it should break the mine as well as the mine's manager. Kirby knew of no way to persuade the men. The same arguments which had crushed Najib would mean nothing to them. All their brains could master at one time, without the aid of some uprooting shock, was that henceforth they were to get double pay and half labor.

Oriental Fatalism

A CALM fatalism of hopelessness, bred perhaps of his long residence in the homeland of fatalism, began to creep over Kirby. In one hour his golden ambitions for the mine and for himself had been smashed. At best he saw no hope of getting the obsessed mine crew to work soon enough to save his present contracts. He would be lucky if, on non-receipt of their demanded increase, they did not follow Najib's muddled preachments to the point of sabotage.

The more he thought of it, the less possible did it seem to Kirby that Najib could undo the damage he had so blithely done. Ordering the blubbering little fellow out of the tent and refusing to speak or listen further, Kirby went to bed.

Oddly enough, he slept. Only once in the night was he roused.

Perhaps two hours before dawn he started up at sound of a humble scratching at the open door flap of his tent. On the threshold cowered Najib.

"Furthermore, howadji," came the Syrian's woe-begone voice through the gloom, "could I borrow me a book if I should use it with much carefulness?"

Too drowsy to heed the absurdity of such a plea at such an hour, Kirby grumbled a surly assent, and dozed again as he heard Najib rumbling in the dark among the shelves of the packing-box bookcase in a far corner of the tent. Here were stored nearly a hundred old volumes which had once been a part of the missionary library belonging to Kirby's father at Nablous.

Kirby woke at greyest daylight. Through force of habit he woke at this hour; in spite of the workless day which he knew confronted him. It was his custom to get up and take his bath in the rain cistern at this time, and to finish dressing just as the men piled out for the morning's work.

Yet now the first sounds that smote his ears as he opened his eyes were the rhythmic creak of the mine windlass and the squally rhythmic, if less tuneful, chant of the man who were working it:

"Allah sa-edd! Ne-bi sa-eed! Ohe! Sa-eed! Sa-eed! Sa-eed!"

In the distance, dying away, he heard the plodding hoofs of a string of pack mules. From the direction of the mine came the hoodlum racket which betokens, in Syria, the efforts of a number of honest laborers to perform their daily tasks in an efficient and orderly way.

In Full Swing

KIRBY, in sleep amaze, looked at his watch in the dim dawn light. He saw it was still a full half hour before the men were due to begin work. And by the sounds he judged that the day's labor was evidently well under way. Yes, and today there was to have been no work done.

Kirby jumped out of bed and strode dazedly to his tent door. Ot the mine below him his fellaheen were as busy as so many dirty and gaudy bees. Even the lordly lazy Turkish soldiers were lending a hand at windlass and crane. Over the nick of the pass, leading toward Jerusalem, the last animal of a mule train was vanishing Najib, who had as usual escorted the departing shipment of ore to the opening in the pass, was trotting back toward camp.

At sight of Kirby in the tent door the little superintendent veered from his course toward the mine and increased his pace to a run as he bore down upon the American. Najib's swart face was aglow. But his eyes were those of a man who has neglected to sleep. His cheeks still bore flecks of the dust he had thrown on his head when Kirby had explained the wreck of his scheme and of his future There, in all likelihood, the dust smears would remain until the next rain should wash them off. But, beyond, these tokens of recent mental strife, Najib's visage shone like a full moon that is streaked by dun dust clouds.

"Furthermore, howadji," he hailed his chief as soon as he was within earshot, "the shipment for Alexandretta is on its wayward—over than an hour earlier than it was due to bestart itself. And those poor hell-selected fellaheen are betoiling themselfs grand. Have I done well, oh howadji?"

"Najib!" stammered Kirby, still dazed.

"And here is that most sweet book of great worthiness and wit, which I borrowed me of you in the night, howadji," pursued Najib, taking from the soiled folds of his abieh a large old volume, bound in stout leather, after the manner of religious or scientific books of a half-century ago. On the brown back a scratched gold lettering proclaimed the gruesome title

"Martyrs of Ancient and Modern Error"

Well did Kirby know the tome. Hundreds of times, as a child, had he sat on the stone floor of his father's cell-like mission study at Nablous and had pored in shuddering fascination over its highly colored illustrations The book was a compilation—chiefly in the form of multichrome pictures with accompanying borders of text—of all the grisly scenes of martyrdom which the publishers had been able to scrape together from such classics as "Fox's Book of Martyrs" and the like Twice this past year he had surprised Najib scanning the gruesome pages in frank delight.

"I betook the book to their campfire, howadji, and I smote upon my breast and I bewept me and I wailed aloud and I would not make comfort Till at last they all awoken and they came out of their huts and they reviled me for disturbing them as they slept themselfs so happily. Then I spake much to them. And all the time I teared with my eyes and moaned aloudly."

"But," put in Kirby, "I don't see what this——"

"In a presently you shall, howadji. Yester-

(Continued on Next Page)

Will Meteor Shower Lay Earth Waste?

IS the earth doomed? Answering that question in a lecture which Sir Oliver Lodge recently delivered before the staff of professors and the student body of the University of Paris, the noted British scientist said that he did not exclude the possibility of the world being destroyed by colliding with some celestial body. Such collisions, he said, are continually happening in outer space.

"What may happen to meteors on a small scale," Sir Oliver explained, "may happen to our world if a big star entered the outer rim of the earth's atmosphere

"Stars journey through space with great velocity, and as long as they move through empty space or through ether nothing happens; they move quite freely and without resistance. But if they entered an area containing diffuse matter, nebulae or a cosmic cloud, they would blaze, just as meteors become incandescent when they strike the upper strata of our earth's atmosphere. They are immediately reduced to dust through the terrific friction."

Timely interest that is full of thrills is added to Sir Oliver Lodge's statement by the fact that astronomers report that the world is on the eve of a meteor season

Dr. Charles P. Olivier, professor of astronomy at the University of Pennsylvania and president of the American Meteor Society, has issued an invitation to the public to report all fireballs and large meteors Hourly counts of all meteors, large or small, also are desired.

"Any meteor larger than a star of first magnitude is worth reporting." Dr. Olivier says in the invitation to the public. "What is desired most of all is the meteor's apparent path across the sky. The stars and constellations serve as ready reference points, and the observer should fix the meteor's course among them with all the precision at his command.

"The hour, minute and if possible the second of the meteor's appearance should be reported. As a mechanical aid in fixing the course many observers find a straight ruler or stick very helpful. The moment a meteor is seen the ruler is held at arm's length parallel to the exact path among the stars.

"If a train is visible it should be reported, with its duration, which sometimes amounts to several minutes. Likewise, sounds of explosion, if any, should be described and timed."



"A black mass of metal transformed into a white-hot ball of fire darts across the sky with lightning-like rapidity and approaches the ground with an angry hiss. A terrific roar as it strikes, a shower of sparks, a cloud of dust and soon all is quiet."—*From a Description of the Fall of a Fifty-Ton Meteor Near Grootfontein, Southwest Africa, as Pictured by Professor William J. Luyten, of the Harvard Observatory.*

How the world's largest cities could be wiped out in a few seconds by the bombardment of mighty meteors is described in Science and Invention by Professor William J. Luyten, of Harverd University Observatory, in his vivid account of the fall of a huge heavenly mass of metal on "Hoba Wes," a farm owned by J. H. Oosthuizen, near Grootfontain, Southwest Africa.

"As it lies there, unassuming, in its silent tomb of limestone," says Professor Luyten, "there is nothing dramatic in its appearance; a solitary block of metal, great and massive, lying in the desolate wilderness of the 'vald.' But if we only try to visualize the conditions under which it arrived we find it gave a spectacle surpassed by few in dramatic appeal.



The Willamette Meteorite, Said to Be the Largest Ever Discovered in the United States, and Owned by the American Museum of Natural History. It Was Found Near Willamette, Oregon, Weighs 31,107 Pounds, Is Ten Feet Long, Six and One-Half Feet High and Four Feet, Three Inches Thick. It Contains 91 Per Cent Iron, 8 Per Cent Nickel, With Small Amounts of Cobalt, Sulphur and Phosphorus.

"A black mass of metal, cruising through empty space invisible to all. Suddenly it enters the atmosphere of the earth; its great speed and the resultant friction heat it to incandescence in some seconds or less. Transformed into a gigantic fireball, white hot, it darts across the sky with lightning rapidity, and approaches the ground with an angry hiss. A terrific roar as it strikes the ground, a shower of sparks, sand, rock and metal, a cloud of dust, and soon all is quiet again. With its nose buried deep in the soft rocks, the meteor will soon be covered up entirely by the surrounding limestone, and its tomb will be sealed against the curious eyes of posterity. After centuries of erosion have removed most of the protecting top layers, perchance some prospector may notice a small, black, metallic-looking rock, and begin to dig it out."

Owing to the impossibility of finding out how much of the meteor is buried in the limestone it is difficult to make a good guess about its weight. From the outside measurements it is estimated, however, that it must weigh at least fifty tons Fifty tons, one hundred thousand pounds of solid iron, truly a rock of ages!

Professor Luyten says that this meteor is tougher than any but the very best steel, locomotive wheels One can just file it and saw it with great difficulty.

"That this meteorite is no easy customer when it comes to sawing need not surprise us, once we have made the chemical analysis," Professor Luyten explains. "The best results thus far obtained indicate a nickel proportion of no less than 17.5 per cent, iron taking up 61.5 per cent, leaving just one per cent for other metals, carbon, and other extraneous substances. In short, therefore, this meteor is nothing less than nickel-steel, with as fine a structure as our best man-made steel, and without any flaws whatsoever."

When did this meteor fall? Where did it come from? To the first question Professor Luyten says that the geologist only can provide an answer, for, by studying closely the weathering and the decay of the rocks around it he may be able to tell more or less when the strange visitor fell from the sky.

"The second question," continues Professor Luyten, "will never be answered in full and we shall have to be satisfied with emulating Caesar, and write on its tomb: 'It came, it fell and it stayed.'

"Whence it came? From the Great Wide Open Spaces. In all probability it originally belonged to the solar system, and was born out of the sun at the same time as all the other planets. Subsequently it may have cruised through space as part of a comet perhaps, later possibly deteriorating into a swarm of meteors. It may even have been alone all these millions of years, until it met its fate and struck the atmosphere of the earth."

Active Part Played by Copper in Restoring Blood to Normal

EVERYONE knows that certain foods are recommended in the diet because they contain iron. Similarly, physicians and dietetic experts may in the future prescribe the use of copper to build up the body from an anaemic condition.

The Department of Agricultural Chemistry of the University of Wisconsin has recently investigated the effect of copper in the treatment of anaemia These experiments, according to a bulletin of the Copper and Brass Research Association, indicate that copper used in the cure of anaemia plays an active part in restoring the blood to its normal and healthful condition. In association with iron, copper builds up the red blood-corpuscles that carry life-giving oxygen through the body from the lungs.

The Wisconsin investigators point out that the new-born come in the world apparently well stocked with copper and iron. At an early stage of life these reserves become exhausted and the system thereafter must depend for its supply upon the food that is eaten

The experiments were made with rats. The rat was first made anaemic by restricted diet This produces anaemia by failing to provide those elements which nourish the oxygen-carrier, hemoglobin, in the blood. When the hemoglobin content of the rat's blood had been materially reduced, copper was added to the diet of the animal in association with iron. In six weeks the hemoglobin content of the animal's blood increased about fivefold.

"Without the copper addition," says the Wisconsin report, "the rise in the hemoglobin would not have occurred."

Anaemic animals which received only the hundredth part of a milligram of copper in these experiments showed marked improvement, with a final return to normal. The recovery of animals that were permitted to consume large quantities of copper was very rapid

"An improvement in physical well-being as evidenced by greatly increased appetite, smoother coats, and increased vigor and activity was a pronounced accompanying phenomenon," the report continues.

Experiments were conducted at the Kentucky Agricultural Station to determine whether the copper contained in red blood has any useful function, as its presence suggests The experimenters reduced calves' livers to ash from which the copper was precipitated, filtered out and washed.

White rats were put on a milk diet for four weeks, after which a measured amount of liver ash was added to the animals' rations. In some instances the ash contained copper and in others the copper had been removed.

In reporting the results of these experiments the Kentucky investigators declared that "rats that received copper in their diet possessed to a noticeable degree a pink ruddiness where the skin is exposed, for example, on the tail, feet and nose, which was absent from those from which copper was withheld From the external appearance of the rats, together with the hemoglobin readings, the authors infer that copper has an important function in the formation of hemoglobin and in the metabolism of animals having red blood"

Copper, in the quantities found in food and drinking water, will not injure any human organ," the bulletin goes on to say. "On the contrary, copper may provide an effective remedy in the treatment of anaemia. It appears to perform an important function in the vital processes that build up the body and throw off waste. The evidence indicates, too, that copper functions in the building of hemoglobin, that element of red blood-corpuscles which carries oxygen from the lungs.

"Analysis of the animal organs showed that practically all of the copper taken into the system is eliminated by natural processes. Examination revealed that various organs might contain very small quantities of copper, but that the liver was the main storage place of such metal as the body retained."

The investigators at Columbia University Medical School recognized in planning their research that rabbits in controlled experiments often showed the same results, whether or not they had been exposed to the effects of copper. Both the rabbits fed copper and those fed on food absolutely free from copper were kept under the same conditions of feeding and environment. This method of scientists to isolate a single factor for purposes of study will be familiar to readers of Paul de Kruif's "Microbe Hunters."

The rabbits were divided into groups and were fed copper in the form of salts, varying in kind and amount. The animals were placed on a "standard diet" of hay, oats, carrots and cabbage Some animals were then kept on an exclusive diet of carrots and others received nothing but turnips.

All of the experiments showed that copper does not cause the diseased conditions of the liver known in human beings as hemochromatosis or cirrhosis of the liver.

The investigators examined the livers of numerous animals, all of which were found to contain copper, the amount varying with the species Scientists have found on analysis that copper is always present in human milk and also in cow's milk. Practically all meat and vegetables contain this metal It is found in most insects and marine animals In other words, copper is universally found in plant and animal life

I view of the increasing use of copper and its alloys in the home, the results of these scientific experiments will interest every household.

Railway Insurance

A RECENT decree of the Spanish Government established compulsory insurance for travelers and livestock carried on the railways The fee paid by passengers is designated "impost premium," thus recognising that the charge is not solely an insurance premium, since the profits of the working of the plan are to be used in the programme of attracting tourists to Spain.

ON STRIKE - -

Continued From Preceding Page

(Continued from Preceding Page)

day I begot your goat." Today I shall make you to frisk with peacefulness of heart. Those fellaheen cannot read. They are not of an education, as I am. And they know my wiseness in reading For over a trillion times I have told them. And they believe. Pictures also they believe. Just as men of an education believe the printed word, knowing full it could not be printed if it were not Allah's own truth. Well, these folk believe a picture, if it be in a book So I showed them pictures. And I read the law which was beneath the pictures. They heard me read. And they saw the pictures with their own eyesight. So what could they do but believe? And they did. Behold, howadji!"

Stricken Battlefields

OPENING the volume with respectful care, Najib thumbed the yellowing pages. Presently he paused at a picture which represented in glaring detail a stricken battlefield strewn with dead and dying Orientals of vivid costume. In the middle distance a regiment of prisoners was being slaughtered in singularly bloodthirsty fashion. The caption, above the cut, read:

"Destruction of Senacherib's Assyrian Hosts by the People of Israel."

"While yet they gazed joyingly on this noble picture," remarked Najib, "I read to them the words of the law about it. I read aloudly, thus 'This shall be the way of punishing all folk who make the strike hereafter this date' Then," continued Najib, "I showed to them another pretty and splendid picture. See:

"Martyrdom of John Rogers, His Wife and Their Nine Children."

"And," proclaimed Najib, "of this sweet portrait I read thus the law 'So shall the wifes and offsprungs of all strike-makers be put to death, and those wicked strike-makers themselfs along with them' By the time I had shown them six or fifteen of such pictures and read the law for each of them, those miserable fellaheen and guards were beweeping themselfs harder and louder and sadder than I had seemed to Why, howadji, it was with a difficultness that I kept them from running away and enhiding themselfs in the mountains, lest the soldiers of the pasha come upon them at once and punish them for trying to make strike. But I said I would intercede with you to make you merciful of heart toward them, to spare them and not to tell the law what they had so einsomely planned to do. I said I would do this, for mine own sake as well as for theirs, and that I knew I could wake you to pity. But I said it would perchancely soften your heart toward them if all should work harder to atone themselfs for the sin they had beplotted. Wherefore, howadji, they would consent to sleep no more, but they ran henceforthly and at once to the mine. They have been onto the job ever since And, howadji, they are jobbing harder than ever I have seen them bejob themselfs Am I forgiven howadji?" he finished timidly.

A Lying Genius

"FORGIVEN!" yelled Kirby, when he could speak. "Why, you eternal little liar, you're a genius! My hat is off to you! This ought to be worth a fifty-mejidie bonus. And——"

"Instead of the bonus, howadji," ventured Najib, scared at his own audacity, yet seeking to take full advantage of this moment of expansiveness, "could I have this pleasing book as a baksheesh gift?"

"Take it!" vouchsafed Kirby. "The thing gives me bad dreams Take it!"

"May the houris make soft your bed in the Paradise of the Prophet!" jabbered Najib in a frenzy of gratitude, as he hugged the treasured gift to his breast. "And—and, howadji, there be more pictures I did not show They will be of a nice convenience, if ever again it be needsome to make a new law for mine."

"But——"

"Oh, happy and pretty decent hour!" chortled the little man, petting his beloved volume as if it were a loved child and executing a shuffling and improvised dance of unalloyed rapture. "This book has been donationed to me because I was brave enough to request for it while your heart was warm at me, howadji. It is even as your sainted feringhee proberb says 'Never put off till tomorrow the—the—man who may be done today.'"

Whale Meat as Food

MANY of the older New Bedford whalers, who as young men were frequently absent from one to two years on whaling voyages, will testify to the excellence of this cetaceous mammal's flesh. All whales are really excellent food, but the irregular supply prevents the widespread use of whale meat, although occasionally it is to be found in New York restaurants, while one can often buy it canned In flavor it strongly resembles the best of beef but is much more tender.

Silkworm Farming

IN the past it has been the custom for only co-operative guild silk farmers of Japan to engage in raw silk manufacturing, both as sericulturists and reelers. Now, however, one of the large spinning and weaving companies is establishing its own mulberry farm, where scientific methods will be applied in the raising of mulberry trees, rearing silkworms and reeling raw silk

Christmas Seals

WITHIN the last few years stamp collectors, not content with the increasing number of new postage stamp issues, have added another item, Christmas seals, to their lists As time goes on the Christmas seals are said to be increasing rapidly in value, although age does not always determine their worth.

"Bah!" snorted the battler who had just finished taking a licking "that fellow can't even write his name"

"Well," retorted his manager, looking at his fighter's shiner, "he sure can make his mark." —Fight Stories.

England's Progress in Research Displeases Lord Melchett

LORD Melchett, formerly Sir Alfred Mond, in addressing the annual gathering of the Imperial College of Science, London, said that, while they were getting research in the Old Country at last, he was extremely dissatisfied with the progress it was making. Funds were not being provided on the scale they should be Unless that were done, and people thought more of the importance of the subject of research, we should fall still farther behind our rivals in other parts of the world He was chairman of the Fuel Power Committee, and had the same opportunity of judging what was being done in Germany in regard to the fuel problem When he contrasted the organization there with what was to be found here, he really felt quite alarmed and discouraged. While we thought in thousands of pounds, they thought in hundreds of thousands. One firm in Germany had spent well over £1,000,000 in their experimental work in oil and coal Their was a definite shortage of scientific men in this country, and that was hindering research work. In his own company the number of men of the kind they wanted was far below the number they could absorb, and they had decided to approach headmasters with a view to selecting bright boys when still at school. Those boys would be assured that, if they would go through a university and obtain first-class degree, they would not have to look for a job, but would be found one in his organization, with remunerative salaries, at the moment they were ready to come The company hoped in that way to do something from the beginning to make science a career, just as the Bar, or medicine was now They wanted a much greater co-operation between the leaders of science in the universities and those who wanted the taught material. They wanted a conference at an early date so that those who were teaching could be told the direction in which their pupils would find work of advantage both to themselves and to those by whom they were employed.

Airplanes Used to Find, Detect and Poison Injurious Germs

THE use of airplanes for distributing poison dust (arsenate of lime) over cotton fields and mosquito-infested swamps has led to the adoption of a novel means for studying the flight of injurious insects at high levels in the atmosphere

By the use of ingenious traps, fastened between the wings of airplanes, it has been discovered that many kinds of insects with little power of flight are present at high altitudes in numbers heretofore unimagined. Such a trap is provided with a slide that is adjusted somewhat like the slide of a photographic plateholder But in this case the slide, when withdrawn, exposes not a plate, but a rectangle of flypaper

The exposure is made for ten minutes with the flypaper facing forward Insects that come into contact with it are stuck fast The slide is then reinserted, and a fresh holder, containing another piece of flypaper, is put in its place

Afterwards the insects on the pieces of flypaper are counted and their species identified. Species never before suspected of being windborne have been caught at levels of two or more miles Among them are enemies of the cotton, such as the pink bollworm and the "cotton hopper."

In order to distribute the poison dust effectively, it is necessary that the arsenate of lime shall not clog in the pipe that delivers it from the tank carried on board the airplane It must therefore be kept constantly stirred in the tank, and, to accomplish this, a sort of chimney enters the tank at its top. The chimney, resembling a stovepipe, has a flared mouth which faces forward to catch the air as the plane travels The air thus forced down the chimney keeps the poison dust stirred

Further to help in keeping the poison dust agitated, a mixer inside the tank is rotated by turning a crank

Black Bass Hatcheries Prove Successful in United States

THE black bass is rated by anglers who know that fish as the "gamest" freshwater fish. Hence the anxiety of some fisherman that lakes and streams shall be stocked with this finny species.

Unfortunately, it cannot be hatched and reared by the methods adopted successfully for other kinds of fishes. For one thing, the female cannot be "stripped" of their eggs in the ordinary way.

The United States Fisheries Bureau, however, has developed a method which in operation has proved entirely satisfactory The bass are hatched and reared in artificial ponds, so arranged as to imitate a series of little lakes, with artificial "nests" provided

The black bass is a nest-builder In nature, the male fish cleans up a circular patch of gravel two or three feet in diameter, in shallow water, by whisks of his tail. Thereby the nest is prepared, and, when the female has duly laid her eggs therein, it is his business to keep guard over them and to protect the young

Experiments have proved that the male fish, to save himself labor, will always prefer an artificial nest—a ring of sheet iron set on the bottom, with slots to hold a semicircle metal screen. The iron ring is filled with pebbles and sand. The screen is to keep the father fish from noticing or being noticed by other males who might be disposed to fight.

The fishes are fed with minnows, supplemented by liver on occasions. Each of the series of ponds is two feet deep all over, save for a bowl-shaped cavity in the middle, to catch the fish when the pond is drained Aquatic plants are grown on the bottom to afford concealment, and to harbor and encourage the multiplication of nutritious animalcules.

In this way vast numbers of black bass are now hatched and reared for suitable waters all over the United States

Bright Future in Store For New Port on Hudson Bay

AT the bottle-shaped natural harbor on the western shore of Hudson Bay, 500 miles from the Arctic Circle, gangs of workers are putting up railway sheds, deepening the narrow channel with dredges and making ready for the construction of a dock. The scene of this activity is historic Fort Churchill, terminus of the Hudson Bay Railway—now officially styled Churchill.

Churchill's permanent population consists of a mounted police unit, a Hudson's Bay Company agent and the caribou, coyotes and foxes that are the natural denizens of the North. In three or four years it will be a busy seaport. In a generation it may rank with the Dominion's chief centres of export trade The laying of steel from the settled Prairies to their nearest seacoast, bringing Europe 1,200 miles closer to the wheat-growing plains, has changed Churchill's status

The place has a history and a longer one than any inland town in Western Canada On the earliest Canadian maps it appears as Port de Munck, after Jens Munck, a Danish officer who Wintered there in 1619-20 with the loss of his crew, except three and himself The Hudson's Bay Company found that it was the finest harbor on "the bay" and in 1686 gave it the name of Lord John Churchill, afterward the first Duke of Marlborough, who had been elected Governor of the company in the previous year, and a progenitor of the British ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer now on a visit to the Pacific Coast

Churchill is one of those rare harbors which seem made to order in their design. The Churchill River, taking rise as a string of narrow lakes in Northern Saskatchewan, flows northeast for a thousand miles and empties into "the bay." Near its mouth it broadens suddenly, then narrows again at the junction with the open sea The wide part of the stream is Churchill Harbor, protected by rocky cliffs rising to seventy feet and forming a magnificent natural breakwater.

When there is a heavy sea on Hudson Bay itself the waters of Churchill Lagoon are unruffled The harbor is six miles long. As its narrowest it is one mile across when the tide is out, at its broadest four miles wide when the tide is in Here is room enough for a vast fleet of merchant vessels. Just what the ice hazards are is still undetermined.

Stockholm and the Orkney Islands are in the same latitude as Churchill; Oslo and Leningrad are both nearer the Pole. The Winters are severe, still, there is compensation in the temperate heat and length of the Summer days. Eighteen hours of sunshine daily is Churchill's normal quota in July. The waters of Hudson Bay are on that account warmer than those of the Great Lakes in midSummer Bathing in "the bay" is comfortable until September, and Western Canada looks forward to having its own Summer resort near by with the long sandy beach at Churchill as the principal feature

Geographically Churchill has a strategic position. It is almost at the exact centre of Canada, and it is within a twenty-four or thirty-six hour journey from almost all points in the Canadian Middle West. Butte, Mont., is 180 miles nearer to Churchill than it is to Chicago.

Smiling Jimmy Touts

By WILLIAM SLAVENS McNUTT
Illustrated by C. E. Lundquist

THE last race was over. Smiling Jimmy McCann stood near the deserted judges' stand, watching the fountains play in the New Orleans Fairgrounds Infield, vaguely enjoying the beauty of the surrounding carpet of fresh green and the clump of sturdy old live oaks and incidentally tearing up five hundred dollars' worth of straight tickets on the horse that had just run second, beaten by a nod.

To him, there, came Sharkey Tyler the Whining Kid, eloquent of woe.

"I was on that pig that just got nosed out," he wailed. "First bet I've had down all day. Can you beat it?"

"I tied it," said Smiling Jimmy. "I was on that one, too. We almost won it."

"You can joke!" the Whining Kid said sullenly. "You're fat. Losin' one race don't mean anything to you. Look at me, though."

"Just this once," said Smiling Jimmy. "As a personal favor."

"I came to the track clean this afternoon," the Whining Kid went on sadly. "Nothin' on me but my clothes, an' nothin' in me but one slug o' java. I come early an' made an ape before the first race. Gave him both barrels quick, but he wouldn't drop, so I picked one off the cuff an' give it to him free. Just for a build-up, in case it clicked. 'All right, Mister,' I says to him. 'You won't take my info' an' bet a piece for me, an' I know what you think,' I says. 'You think I'm just a sheep tout. That horse me.' I says. 'I'm goin' to prove different to you, Spring Storm's goin' to win this,' I says. 'When he pops down there in front, maybe you'll think different.'

"Spring Storm popped. You seen him. Win by five gosh' away an' paid seven to one! I run an' found my ape, but he was still hangin' to the limb. Wouldn't drop. I got sore an' clubbed at another one to make him let loose. Give him Barley Bee, an' I'll sting for my licin' in Scotland, if Barley Bee don't win! Five to one. Two good price winners in a row with nothin' on 'em—just to build myself up with this umpchay!

Still Obdurate

"I FIND him again. He's dimpy but he won't fall. 'Maybe you were just lucky gettin' them two,' he says. 'I ain't suspicious,' he says, 'but I'm a business man, an' gotta have proof. If I can be sure you know what you're talkin' about,' he says, 'I'll bet a big sum of money,' he says.

"You know what I done? I picked him four more winners! That made me six straight! First Nina J ever picked six in a row an' not a dime on any of 'em! If I'd parlayed a two-dollar bill for that streak, I'd be fixed for life!

"After I give him that sixth winner, that ape o' mine leaves go his hold an' hits the ground with a bang that jare four yards out of his kick. Two hundred for him and two hundred for me. All I gotta do o pick one more winner an' I'm settin' sweet. That's all I gotta do. Just make it seven in a row.

"I blew out to the paddock an' ask everybody I know what's good an' they all gimme this thing that just ran second by a nose. The ape bet me four yards an' gimme my share o' the tickets all right, an' then, when they hung our pig's number in the place hols, he began hollerin' copper on me! 'I knew you were a crook,' he says. 'I knew it all tha time. I ought to have you locked up!' Can you beat it? Give him six winners in a row he wouldn't play, an' then ons that run second by a nod, an' he squawks! I dondno what's comn over the suckers in this country these days. They're gettin' mean an' greedy. They didn't used to be like that, Jimmy."

"There ought to be a law," Smiling Jimmy declared gravely. "What y'want me to do about it, kid? Call my health or somethin'?"

"Blip me a couple o' days' out money an' the price o' my room rent," the Whining Kid said.

Smiling Jimmy laughed and spread his hands before him, palms up. "I'm walkin' back to my hotel, kid," he said. "An' not for exercise."

"Oh, Jimmy!" the Whining Kid wailed. "You ain't busted?"

"Prove I ain't, an' you can have tha evidence," Smiling Jimmy replied. "I've had a bad week, kid. Shot the last slin dime."

"That's what you get for playin' your own dough," the Whining Kid lectured him. "Why don't you hustle suckers, Jimmy? Give 'em the dope an' get 'em to play their money for you."

"That's what you do, ain't it?" Jimmy asked.

"Sure," the Whining Kid answered.

A Great Advertisement

SMILING Jimmy shrugged. "You're a great advertisement for the system," he said.

"Ah, but I ain't got tha rep you have," the Whining Kid argued. "You could do a wonderful business hardin'. People trust you."

"I wonder why?" said Smiling Jimmy, grinning. "No, kid, I never touted a guy an' I never will. I pick 'em an' play 'em. When I can't get by doin' that, I'll share ne a job Coana nr' kid. Let's start matchin' fee, to see which gets down town first. If I can work a touch around the hotel, I'll slip you a bit for tha room and chow. Here we go. Hep! Hep!"

Sharkey Tyler, the Whining Kid, and Smiling Jimmy McCann were akin in that they were both little men and both race track types. There all resemblance ended. The Whining Kid was a tout. He knew little about horses and cared less. He had never ridden, nor worked around the stables. His record was pretending to be an ex-jock with sources of inside information, he ineritably hit an occasional winner and made money.

Smiling Jimmy was a horse lover and a horse player. He had been an exercise boy in his time. A shade too heavy for flat racing, he had ridden jumpers until a bad spill laid him in the hospital for half a year. When he got out, he began playing the horses, doing his own handicapping and clicking in the way customarily at the track by 8 o'clock in the morning, watch in hand, timing workouts. He spent from three to five hours each night with pencil and performance records, figuring the chance of each horse the following day. A pound of weight, the condition of the track, the fractional second difference in speed of various tracks, the jockeys, the manner in which they had ridden their horses, the age and sex of the animal, time of the year, individual temperament, question of condition—whether the horse was sweet, over-raced or at top form—all these factors entered into his calculations. With his own money, he made and lost small fortunes, borrowed when he had to—and could—and paid his debts the moment he was able. His life was full, exciting, futile, and, so far as Smiling Jimmy was concerned, highly satisfactory.

An Excellent Hotel

HE was living in an excellent hotel in the heart of New Orleans. It was a long trek in from the Fairgrounds, but the Whining Kid kept Jimmy agrin all the distance with his wailed comments.

"Wait, kid," Smiling Jimmy said cheerfully as they approached the entrance to the hotel. "we'd find out soon enough now whether we get food for dinner or take a lot of long deep breaths. If I can find some o' my friends in the lobby that did good today, we eat. If not, we'll lighten up the old belt."

As they entered the lobby Smiling Jimmy glanced around and laughed.

"We eat, kid," he announced the Whining Kid. Then raising his voice, he called: "Hey, Tony!"

A slim, black-haired young fellow came toward Smiling Jimmy, hand outstretched.

"Tony Florio," Smiling Jimmy introduced the young man to the Whining Kid. "Tony's seen him in vaudeville, kid? Him an' his wife—the Dancing Florios?"

"Oh, yeh," the Whining Kid lied readily. "Great Act."

"Where you in from, Tony?" Smiling Jimmy asked.

"We been around town quite a while," Florio said. "I didn't know you were down here this Winter. I saw Ed Smith on the street this morning and he told be you were around. I been looking for you since."

"You found me just in time," Smiling Jimmy assured him. "Loan me fifty an' I'll blow you to dinner."

Florio paled. "You kidding me, Jimmy?" he asked hoarsely.

The smile faded from Jimmy's face. "What's wrong, Tony?" he asked gently. "You in a jam?"

Florio nodded. "Nina was sick for a long time," he said. "We didn't work for four or five months and there were a lot of doctor's bills. We come down here to dance for a night club, the Heather Glen. Manager by the name of Nates Monerieff. We landed flat. We danced a couple of nights there and then the manager began getting fresh with Nina. I punched his face for him and then, of course, and he had me pinched and fined fifty. That cleaned us tight down to the last dime. Nina's laid up again, and I haven't even got the price of a meal. Listen, Jimmy, you were kidding about swinling fifty, weren't you? You've got money, haven't you?"

"Sure!" said Smiling Jimmy. "I got plenty. I'll see you out of this mess, Tony. Don't worry any more."

A Regular Runaround

"YOU got plenty!" the Whining Kid shrilled. "Say, what kind of a runabout am I gettin' here? You told me——"

"I been playin' a little joke on the kid here," Smiling Jimmy interrupted in explanation. "He went overboard at the track today an', when he hit me, I told him I was flat, too."

"Just for that I hope you go flat!" the Whining Kid said bitterly. "Honest, if I knew anybody else in town I could hit for the price of a plate o' food I wouldn't take dinner money from you after that!"



"Cheer up, kid," Smiling Jimmy said. "I'll do better by you than beans. Where's Nina, Tony?"

"We got a little furnished room over in the French quarter," Tony explained. "She's waiting there."

"What do you want to do?" Jimmy asked. "Stick around here awhile, or——"

"Like to get back to New York," Florio said. "We can get work out of there and——"

"Sure," said Smiling Jimmy. "How much are you goin' to need to make that?"

"Tha fare's about sixty apiece," Florio said. "Then we owe a couple of weeks' room rent, but that's only fourteen dollars."

"A grand see you through?" Smiling Jimmy asked.

Florio's lips quivered.

"We—we've had a pretty rough stretch of it," he quavered in apology. "Can you spare that much, Jimmy?"

"The Crescent City pulls out for New York at ten tonight," Jimmy said. "Nina fit to travel?"

"She can make it," said Florio. "I guess when I tell her we're out of the woods for a while, she'll——"

He hesitated and swallowed hard. "We won't forget this, Jimmy," he went on brokenly. "We'll pay you back just as soon as——"

"Sure you will," said Jimmy cheerfully. "I ain't worried. Listen, you two guys wait here for me a minute, huh? I got a little stuff to



. . . a Small Mob Besieged Not Monterieff, Demanding to Know Where He Got the Tip He Had Given. "So You Passed It Out!" Jimmy Exclaimed.

tend to. Won't be but a little while. Stay right here."

"He's one of the real ones," Florio said, looking after him.

"Makin' me walk all the way in from the track when he's got dough!" the Whining Kid grumbled.

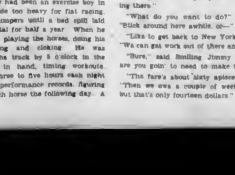
On Anxious Seat

IN the elevator Smiling Jimmy wiped his face with his handkerchief.

"Mennaine," he muttered to the elevator boy.

He got off at the mezzanine floor, made his way to an unoccupied divan, and sank into it with a sigh.

"A thousan' bucks," he said to himself. "I gotta raise a thousan' bucks in the next half-hour—ah' right this minute I don't know where



I Punched His Face for Him, and Then, of Course, He Had Me Pinched and Fined Fifty . . ."

I could get so much as ten without a pistol. Baby! I got to think!"

Colonel Allentown was a gambler—had been a gambler all his life. In his late sixties he was a man of millions, his money invested in stocks, bonds, and real estate. Not for more than twenty-five years had he personally dealt a card or spun a wheel or managed a crap table. Not for ten years had he even so much as owned an interest in a gambling house, though in his day he had once owned the biggest gambling house in the country.

He was dining alone in his hotel room when there came a rap on the door. The colonel's secretary answered the knock.

"A Mr McCann," he said.

The colonel's grey eyes narrowed as he inspected the visitor. Then recognition altered his expression.

"You rode for me once, didn't you?" he asked.

"I'm years back," said Jimmy.

"Steeplechase," said the colonel. "Hurt, weren't you?"

Jimmy nodded.

"Get over it all right?"

Another nod.

"What can I do for you?"

"I want to get two thousan' dollars," said Jimmy.

The colonel raised his eyebrows. Then he smiled.

"Why ask me for it?"

"I know you got it," said Jimmy.

"Got to keep your hand in, hey?" Monterieff chuckled.

"That's it," said the Whining Kid. "Doin' just enough to keep in practice."

"You better not practice on Jimmy McCann," Monterieff warned him. "I never see a man who could pick horses like Jimmy."

"He's poison," the Whining Kid agreed.

"How do you like Hawaii Lad in the third race tomorrow, Jimmy?" Monterieff inquired anxiously.

Jimmy shrugged. "You know me, Nate," he said. "I never take tips nor give 'em. I pick my own and play my own."

"Stingy!" Monterieff chided him.

"Maybe," said Jimmy. "Anyhow, it's a rule with me. I never tout."

"You like Hawaii Lad?" the Whining Kid asked. "I'll lay him for you. Two four to five and one to three. The track odds'll be tea."

"Sure," said Monterieff. "Two hundred to win, two hundred to show."

"Done," said the Whining Kid, and scribbled a memorandum.

Monterieff went away to salve other customers. Smiling Jimmy and the Whining Kid went on with their meal.

An Argument

OVER the coffee they got into an argument. Their voices rose as the verbal battle grew hotter. Customers at the other tables became interested. Suddenly Smiling Jimmy stood up and slapped the Whining Kid's face. The Whining Kid leaped to his feet and made a pass at Jimmy. Nate Monterieff stepped between them.

"Jimmy! Jimmy!" Monterieff begged. "You two boys are friends. You don't want to fight."

"Friends!" the Whining Kid snarled, struggling to get at Jimmy. "Just gimme one swipe at him, an' I'll bet him down in the morgue!"

The waiters finally got them well apart. The Whining Kid joined a nearby party, the members of which were glad to feed him drinks to learn what the row was about. Smiling Jimmy paid the check and left, vowing vengeance.

"I'll get him!" the Whining Kid declared loudly when Smiling Jimmy was gone. "Tryin' to tell me Collin was a greater horse than Man o' War! I'll get him!"

In the third race the next afternoon Hawaii Lad ran fourth. In the evening the Whining Kid dropped in at the Heather Glenn and collected four hundred dollars from Nate Monterieff. Also he laid him another race in the following day's race, place and show. The horse showed and again the Whining Kid and Nate adjusted their financial affairs, with a slight profit to the former, and again Nate made a bet. Also he inquired after Smiling Jimmy.

"Don't mention that guy's name to me!" the Whining Kid snarled.

Working the Game

FOR a week the Whining Kid visited the Heather Glen Club each night and each night he took a bet from Nate Monterieff. Sometimes he lost and sometimes he won. At the end of the week the balance was several hundred dollars in favor of the Whining Kid. Jimmy had not been seen in the club since the night of the fight. Then, on Sunday, Smiling Jimmy dropped in alone. Nate Monterieff greeted him cordially.

"Where you been?" he asked.

"Around," said Jimmy.

"Your friend's been in every night."

"Friend!" Jimmy exclaimed bitterly. "Listen, Nate, I know I introduced him to you, but I'm telling you he's a wrong one."

He's into me for a few hundred on the week," Nate said darkly.

"He been layin' you?" Jimmy asked eagerly. Nate nodded. "Every day, for a bet or two," he said. "I haven't had much luck."

Jimmy leaned across the table, his eyes glowing.

"Listen, Nate—as somebody for me, will you? he asked. "I know how I can get at this guy, but you'll have to help me."

"Sure," said Nate. "What's the play?"

Jimmy fished out a roll of bills.

"Play a thousand for me with him, will you?" he asked. "Don't let him know it's from me, you understand, or he wouldn't take it. He knows I can pick 'em an' he doesn't want any part o' my bettin'. Just let on this is your own. An' I'll take him for a wad that'll send him to the bank with a pick and shovel. I'll make him dig!"

"Put your money up," Nate said. "Ma an' Tyler bet the finger and settle each night. Sure, I'll play the thousand for you. What's the horse?"

"Dancing Demon, in the last race tomorrow," Jimmy whispered. "He'll be around ten or fifteen to one an' he can't lose. I happen to know somethin' about that race. It's one o' those things, see? It's all ribbed. There's only three horses in that race got a chance to trim the Demon, an' the jocks on all of those three are greased. They're gettin' plenty bet, for 'em on the Demon, so they're all three of 'em goin' to have a lot of bad luck, see? I'd have you bet more'n a thousan' for me, but I'm afraid Tyler might smell somethin' an' refuse the bet."

Fifteen to One

"TEN or fifteen to one and sure!" Nate gloated. "Listen, Jimmy, are you sure Tyler's good for that stomg a take? He won't welch on us, will he?"

"No," said Jimmy positively. "I got to say for him that he pays. Every time Nate you take this dough an' keep it to protect yourself."

"Oh, no," said Nate. "If you say he's good for it, he's good for it. Let's get this consorted."

"Take it," Jimmy insisted. "I don't ask anybody to hold the bag for me. Do you s'pose Tyler'll be in tonight?"

Monterieff nodded. "Due any time." he said. "I'll slip along then." Jimmy said: "Be better if he don't know I've been around. Give him the works easy now, Nate. Don't get him suspicious."

A half-hour later the Whining Kid appeared. Nate Monterieff paid him a hundred and eighty that he owed on the day's betting. He contentedly studied a racing form for the following day.

"You've been knocking me off pretty regular, Mr Tyler," he said. "I'm well in the barrel on the week."

"That's the way it goes," the Whining Kid said philosophically. "Up an' down. First me an' then you. It evens up in the long run."

"I'm sick of betting on these short-price horses," Monterieff said. "I need a long shot to put ma on top."

"That's where you're wrong," said the Whining Kid. "Stay with the short-price solid horses an' you'll win in the end."

"That's your story," said Monterieff. "I got a different tale. Now, here's one I like. In the last race—the Dancing Demon."

A grin said the Whining Kid scornfully. "Leave that one for the suckers, Mr. Monterieff."

"I like him," Monterieff said stubbornly. "What'll you give on him?"

"Let's have a look at that form," the Whining Kid said. He glanced over the entries and made a grimace.

"If you're bound to play this pig I might as well have your dough as leave some other goof to take it," he said. "I'll lay you fifteen to one on him."

"I'll take a thousand at that price," Monterieff said, trying to make his voice sound casual.

"A grand?" the Whining Kid said, surprised. "I heard you'd take any amount." Monterieff said sneering. "Heard you never get scared."

"Scared!" said the Whining Kid. "Of Dancin' Demon? Say, fella, I'm tryin' to let you down easy!"

"I'm of age," Monterieff said. "What about it? Want to take some more on the Dancing Demon?"

"Sure!" said the Whining Kid nastily.

"Take two thousand more?" Monterieff asked with a quaver in his voice.

"Like a baby takes milk," the Whining Kid agreed. "Two thousan'? That your limit?"

"Make it five more," Monterieff said, shaking. "Six in all."

"Done" said the Whining Kid, making a further memorandum.

Passes Good News

WHEN Monterieff got Smiling Jimmy on the WHEN the Whining Kid had departed, phone and told him the news.

"Oh, great!" said Jimmy joyfully. "Landed for five grand of your own in addition to my thousan'? Didn't think he'd fall for that, much. You didn't let him know I was in on it, did you?"

"Oh, no, sure not," Monterieff said.

"Great," said Jimmy. "Listen, Nate, one thing. Don't tell anyone about this here. Keep it dark. I've sent away two thousand to be bet for me in poolrooms all over the country, a little here an' a little there, you know. Talkin' the track odds. The stable's bettin' in that way, see. Not puttin' anything into the machines here. If the news got out here in town, the boys might bet plenty an' hammer the odds down on us. Keep it to yourself, will you?"

"Sure," Nate promised. "Absolutely."

Nate Monterieff kept his promise for at least fifty minutes after the end of the week's balance was several hundred dollars in favor of the Whining Kid, Jimmy had not been seen in the club since the night of the fight. Then, on evening, Smiling Jimmy dropped in alone. Nate Monterieff greeted him cordially.

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"Play a thousand for me with him, will you?" he asked. "Don't let him know it's from me, you understand, or he wouldn't take it. He

(Continued on Next Page)

"Red" Talk Disappears Under Treatment Like This

THIS is a story of an ordinary action that has had tremendous and far-reaching results. It is a story of Pete, a foreign C.N.R. road foreman, and His Honor the Governor-General of Canada, Viscount Willingdon.

Pete lives in a desolate section of Northern Ontario, on the outer rim of civilisation, and he inspects one of the loneliest sections of the transcontinental railway.

Pete is also about the proudest man in the north country.

If you talk to him for two minutes he will branch off and tell you of his great achievements, his chest swells with pride, he fairly radiates in his glory.

"When I came here," he will tell you in his broken English, "this line wasn't fit for a freight train. No one could ride over it in comfort. Now look at it. The best, the smoothest, the finest seven miles of line in the country. Who did it? Why, Pete did it."

Most of the men whom Pete associates with are foreigners; many are as poor as it is possible for humans to be, and just live from day to day. At heart they have been Bolsheviks—any person who lives in the city is a capitalist, taking and using their money.

As they walk miles and miles to town or to visit a neighbor a train may whizz by; many of the seats are empty.

In their uneducated minds they reason that they might fill those seats for a few miles. The train has to run anyway; it wouldn't cost any more to have them there. Why shouldn't they ride? They openly discuss their antagonism to "capitalists"; that is, all except Pete—he is too busy boasting about his line.

Special Inspection

THEN last year the word was sent along the line that Governor-General Willingdon was to go West. Special inspections were made of the road. These men who hated anything that savored of "capitalism" growled among themselves.

In due course the Governor-General began his trip West. In due course the train stopped at a water tower to refuel.

By coincidence it stopped on Pete's section of the road. By coincidence Pete was alongside the train and Viscount Willingdon was standing on the rear platform.

So the Governor-General spoke to the foreign workman who was standing beside the train.

As he was there over two minutes he heard of Pete's achievement. "Look," he was told, "the freight couldn't pass here decently before. Now look who travels over the section that I made—the biggest man in Canada."

This took quite a while; then the train pulled away. At the next station the special train passed a little white envelope fluttered out of the window.

It was addressed to the foreman of that section of the road. There was no such person, so it was opened.

The envelope contained a note written at the direction of the Governor-General expressing his personal appreciation of the condition of that particular section of the road.

At first it was thought that these had been dropped off at all stations. That was not so. The latter was for Pete and Pete only.

A Joy for Ever

FRED Sloman, the provincial official in charge of the traveling school that visits the outlying sections of the province to teach the few children that live there, was shown the letter. He had a copy made, it was framed and placed in the car.

At night when the workmen and trappers and the other few residents gathered to discuss their general feeling they noticed this letter. All along the line visited by the traveling school and Fred Sloman the story was told of Pete and the Viscount.

Their attitude began to change towards the Governor-General. No longer was the Communist tone present in their conversations.

Earlier this year word was flashed along the line that the Governor-General was going West again.

This time there was no grumbling. The men were proud to prepare for his visit.

One of the men who had expressed his Bolshevik tendencies in the loudest and proudest tones approached Fred Sloman and said, "Here, take my flag, fly it for this man."

The flag was one of his most prized possessions.

So in due course the Governor-General went West. Although he never noticed it, all along this section of the line the men turned out and waved at his train as it passed.

Perhaps they would be two or three or five miles apart. There may have been two or three together or just one, but they were along the line when he went by.

"There he goes," they said, "our friend."

Chile and Panama Want Southern Europeans As Laborers

THE Governments of Chile and Panama are at present negotiating with two European Governments with a view to obtaining immigrants for colonization. Chile desires to colonize Aysen territory with some 200,000 surplus families Austria is reported to have since the post-war decrease in her national boundaries, and is to bring from that country 3,000 workmen and their families, who will be employed in carrying out the many plans at present under way for public works and private buildings. In Chile a critical situation is threatened on the farms, for the high wages and diversions of city life are attracting farm labor in great numbers. Panama is negotiating with Greece for the introduction of Albanian, Armenian and Greek nationals.

"They tell me Battling Beppo had a fight with his wife."

"Yes, and it was as good as any he was ever in."

"What was it about, anyway?"

"I don't know."

"Liquor, do you suppose?"

"No, she licked him."—Fight Stories.

Won Fortune by Pick and Shovel



Mr. Franceschini's Beautiful Home on Lake Ontario



James Franceschini in a Characteristic Pose



The Gardens Are a Marvelous Feature of the Franceschini Home

TWELVE years ago a broken and dispirited man returned to Toronto from Eugenia Falls. He had neither money nor friends; he owed thousands of dollars; his knowledge of English was limited; his one asset was a tiny Shetland pony. James Franceschini, contractor, was badly up against it.

Today this same man is a multi-millionaire and the president of one of the foremost construction companies in the Dominion. His estate on the shores of Lake Ontario is a showplace for tourists, his string of horses is famous throughout Canada, and his butler has that expensive English manner which can be acquired only on Fifth Avenue. Yet twelve years ago James Franceschini searched in vain for a pick and shovel job at twenty-five cents an hour.

The making of his present fortune, however, constitutes but half a story, for it is the second he has made during twenty-two years spent in Canada. The first was lost in an unfortunate partnership, which is one reason why today he plays invariably a lone hand.

Franceschini is thirty-eight years old, so he is probably the youngest self-made millionaire in Canada, and this in spite of the fact that when he arrived here twenty-two years ago he was penniless and could not speak a word of English.

Acts Quickly

TO have achieved so much he must obviously possess unusual qualities. He thinks and acts quickly; he can appraise men; he has that indefinable something which inspires confidence in others—but he has succeeded mainly because he could not recognize defeat. To Franceschini an obstacle is something to be climbed.

The majority of successful men look anything but successful. Franceschini is an exception to the rule. He is tall and heavily built; he has the square head of a Teuton and a jaw that overlaps his coat lapels. His eyes are penetrating but expressionless. Whether angry or amused he maintains a curious unwinking stare.

The only barometer to his moods is the cigar which he smokes endlessly. When thoughtful his cigar smoulders disconsolately near his chin; when angry it is tilted up militantly to an angle of forty-five degrees. Should he laugh the cigar is flicked out adroitly towards his ear. And if he chews his cigar it is wise to evacuate his office as quickly and unobtrusively as possible.

Franceschini's Story

HE came to Canada when a youngster of sixteen. "When I got off the train at the Union Station," he said, "I hadn't a cent. The other immigrants had friends and relatives to meet them, but there was nobody to meet me. As I sat down on my bundle of clothes right in the middle of the platform I kinda figured I was the loneliest kid in the world."

A policeman, seeing him disconsolate, placed him in the charge of an Italian family in the Ward.

"And the next day," he continued, "I got a job in the Canada Foundry as a laborer. The foreman was an Italian"—up went the cigar—"and every week I had to give him five dollars out of my wages. It was no use kicking because I couldn't speak English. I just made the best of it and managed to save a little out of the four dollars left."

For a time he continued to work for the Canada Foundry and the blood-sucking foreman. One day, while snatching a hurried meal between shifts, a friend with a smattering of English read out an advertisement for the C.P.R. which said that laborers were wanted at fifteen cents an hour. Franceschini lost no time in answering the advertisement. "Unfortunately the job didn't last long and within a few weeks he was again looking for work.

After a bitter experience with an employment agency gyp he secured a job with the W. R. Payne Company, mixing concrete at eighteen cents an hour. It was back-aching work, but tiredness did not deter him from digging cellars in his spare time.

It was digging cellars that gave him his first chance. He talked with two other men working for Payne and they agreed to form themselves into a small company. Franceschini went out looking for work, which the other two executed.

"Funny thing," he said, "but I've still got one of those fellows working for me—name of Rensetti. We made out pretty good, but after a while the other two got tired of the arrangement, so we dissolved partnership. Afterwards I hired them as laborers."

Job by job he built up a profitable business. At no time in his meteoric rise to fortune did luck play a part. If anything, the breaks were against him.

He will talk little of those early days, for he dislikes heroics. "Sure, I had to work pretty hard," he said, and that is all. But from the chance words of those who knew him it is possible to piece together a story which gives an insight into his character.

"He used to tramp through the city looking for jobs," a retired contractor said. "As soon as he saw materials being hauled to a vacant lot he hung around until he got a chance to talk to the builder. Contractors liked him partly because of his pleasant personality, but mostly because he always kept his word. It didn't matter what James Franceschini started—he always finished on time."

With the gradual development of his business it became necessary for Franceschini to study contracts and tenders. Even his conversational knowledge of English was limited, and as for reading a contract he might as well have tackled the Koran in Arabic. Somehow he managed to find time for English lessons and before long contracts and tenders were child's play—he could write them himself.

For a time the lack of equipment proved a stumbling block to him. Instead of using a team to haul away loose earth he was forced, by lack of capital, to use wheelbarrows.

"After a while," he said in describing his difficulty, "I save up enough money to buy a horse, and then, would you believe it—the son of a gun went lame on me."

He became established as a small contractor and his business grew. Piece by piece he gathered together equipment, but always it seemed that more was needed.

When war was declared Franceschini was well on his way to fortune. He had started with nothing save his own two hands and he had built up a prosperous business. In 1916 he was approached by another contractor to share a contract at Eugenia Falls, Ont., and he accepted the offer—albeit reluctantly.

Trouble developed in regard to payment for the work. Franceschini and his partner were handling a subcontract and there were certain stipulations as to payment by the principal contractor. The conditions were not kept, so Franceschini withdrew his men. A lawsuit followed and he was found to have broken his contract. He received practically nothing for all the work he had done.

He nearly gave up, then, he says. He returned to Toronto from Eugenia Falls and tried to secure work. After a fruitless search he approached a man named Tramanhauser, with whom he had business connections. Tramanhauser was surprised and he offered the ex-contractor work on a construction job at Port Dalhousie. Franceschini accepted readily, but on the following day Tramanhauser withdrew the offer.

"Look here," he said, "you will make money for me, but I want to see you make some for yourself. Go and start up in business again."

"It was pretty easy for him to tell me that," said Franceschini, "but I hadn't a cent and I told him so. 'Never mind,' he said, 'just go and start up. You can do it.'"

This faith in his ability was like wine to the despondent man. He forgot his dejection and determined to make good.

After the crash at Eugenia Falls his creditors had stripped him of everything save a tiny Shetland pony which they considered valueless. Franceschini took the pony to market and by judicious bargaining he managed to trade it for a pair of decrepit horses. With the horses as security he borrowed a hundred and fifty dollars and that same afternoon he began looking for suitable work. By the end of the year he had paid off every creditor in full—but let him tell the story in his own words:

"That Summer—it was 1916—I went up to Oshawa and worked like a nigger. After a while I persuaded a creditor to lend me the steam shovel I had once owned, and we worked it day and night.

"By the time Winter came I was able to pay every debt in full; I was able to buy the steam shovel and I owned five teams of horses and some property down here in Toronto. Once I was re-established things began to pick up pretty good."

He did work at Chatham, Welland and on the Hamilton Highway. He bought another steam shovel and some more teams and in 1917-1918 he did work for the C.N.R. at Leaside and Markdale. In 1918 he secured his first contract from the Department of Highways.

His difficulties, however, were not entirely over. As the business grew he needed more and more equipment and there were occasions when he was hard pressed to complete work on time. It was always done, however—Franceschini never broke his word.

His early lack of equipment reacted in his favor as the business grew. He knew the worry of working with insufficient tools and so every available cent was invested in machinery. Today his trucks, graders, steam shovels and the rest fill a large factory and he maintains a large machine shop devoted exclusively to repairs.

Sixteen years ago Franceschini made graceful acknowledgement of the debt he owes to Canada—he became a Canadian citizen and married a Canadian girl. When he speaks of his adopted country it is always with intense pride. He is grateful, not so much for the material things he has received, but for the breadth of vision Canada has given him. He has helped to steer highways through the wilderness; he has helped to build homes and factories, and he has learned that money is only a small part of his reward.

Ambassador Dawes Has a Canadian Double



Stewart McClenaghan



Ambassador Dawes

THERE is a remarkable similarity, as the above photographs indicate, in the faces of Stewart McClenaghan, member of the Liquor Board Control of Ontario, and General C. G. Dawes, Vice-President of the United States during the Coolidge regime and now Washington representative at the Court of St. James. If both men were dressed alike it would be difficult to tell, by their faces, which was which.

There are other similarities in these two personalities worth noting. Their ages are practically the same. They were both born in small country towns, Dawes in Marietta, Ohio, and McClenaghan in Kemptville, Ontario. Both went into politics and both made good in their respective federal political arenas. Both are noted for winning elections easily, for they "have a way with them" as the Irish say. They are fighting figures and like to wade right into their opponents. Both men are fond of sports and both have been known to use their good right arms on critical occasions. Dawes has a fine sense of literary values, McClenaghan is behind every literary movement of the Canadian capital.

A rather remarkable similarity of two personalities, everything considered.

Smiling Jimmy Touts

Continued From Preceding Page

quoted at twenty to one. The second approximation of odds went up. The Dancing Demon showed at ten to one.

On the Track

THE horses came on the track. The final approximation of odds went up. Dancing Demon was backed down to nine to five! Less than two to one. He was the favorite!

"I'm worried," Jimmy admitted.

"What's the matter?" Nate asked.

"Plenty," said Jimmy. "If this pig wins now after bein' backed down to the first choice, the stewards are maybe goin' to get nosey an' ask how come. It's too big a form reversal booked in with this bettin' that's got no sense to it. He could win at fifteen or twenty to one an' no questions asked, but, with all this money played on him—"

"They won't disqualify him, will they?" Nate asked fearfully.

"Liable to, if he wins," said Jimmy. "What I'm frettin about is, he's liable not to win now. Them jock's ain't dumb. They'll roll over and play dead, if they can make it look good, but, with this outsider so heavily backed—I dunno!"

The horses fussed at the barrier for a time and finally broke in line. As they passed the grandstand Dancing Demon was a bad last.

"It's over," Jimmy said sadly. "They aren't even shootin' with him."

"It's a long race," Montcrieff said, desperately hopeful. "Maybe he'll come from behind."

"He'll finish where he started," Jimmy prophesied. "Last. They're afraid to pull it with the horse backed down to a favorite. Oh, if I could only find out who blabbed this!"

Dancing Demon finished last by ten lengths. He was scarcely under the wire when a small mob besieged Nate Montcrieff demanding to know where he had got the tip he had given.

"So you passed it out!" Jimmy exclaimed.

"I only told two or three people," Montcrieff whined. "They promised to keep it to themselves."

"Listen," said Jimmy. "For the love o' Pete, don't let Tyler know that he's winnin' any of my money. I couldn't bear that! Keep it dark, Nate, an' I'll slip you another one soon that'll go over and break this guy."

The Whining Kid dropped in at the Heather Glen at seven-thirty, collected—a thousand of Smiling Jimmy's money, five thousand from Nate Montcrieff, and departed. A few minutes later Smiling Jimmy dropped in. Nate Montcrieff sat at a table with him.

"Got anything for tomorrow?" he asked eagerly.

"Nope," said Smiling Jimmy. "I broke my rule for once and touted you. You spread it all over town and killed the thing. Never again!"

"Jimmy!" Montcrieff pleaded. "Give me a chance to get even."

The Sucker Falls

A PAIR of entertainers, a man and woman, were dancing in the middle of the floor.

"Bum hoofers!" Jimmy sneered. "Not half as good as the Florios."

"The Florios!" Montcrieff exclaimed. "I had them here for a while."

"Yeh," said Smiling Jimmy. "I know. They told me." He rose and laughed at Montcrieff. "Well, sucker," he said genially, "good night! Don't take any more wooden nickels. The bank won't cash 'em."

He passed out while Montcrieff sat at the table gasping like a hooked fish and managing, at last, to put two and two together.

On a nearby corner Smiling Jimmy met the Whining Kid and led him to a restaurant that had private booths.

"We make about five thousan' seven hundred an' fifty all told," he estimated. "A grand o' that enough for you, kid?"

"A grand!" said the Whining Kid.

From the restaurant Smiling Jimmy wired Tony Florio as follows:

"You don't owe me a dime. Collected from Montcrieff for back salary and damages. Regards to Nina. My best.

"Jimmy McCann."

Thereafter he called on Colonel Allentown.

"There's your two grand, Colonel," he said, handing him the money. "Many thanks for the lift."

"Hit a long shot?" the Colonel asked.

"No," said Smiling Jimmy. "Touted a sucker."

The Colonel frowned. "Didn't think you were a tout," he said.

"I ain't," said Smiling Jimmy. "This wise guy I took put my pal in the jam. I never touted a guy before and I never will again."

"Um," said the Colonel, smiling. "There are times—and times. Good luck, son."

Smiling Jimmy left the room with all his debts paid, Florio enriched by a thousand and the Whining Kid paid off with as much, and still he had better than twenty-five hundred in his pocket. He met the Whining Kid in the lobby.

"You're a record-breaker," the Whining Kid said admirably. "Listen, fella, if you'd only come hustlin' with me—"

"Nope," said Smiling Jimmy firmly. "I touted a guy once an' got away with it. I'm through. Never again! 'By, kid. Good luck."

Bulldog Benny—"Say, you! I'm gonna tear you into three pieces!"

Nervy Ned—"Yeah, I've been told you don't know how to give a guy an even break."—Fight Stories.

Sculptor—"My last effort was a bust."

Fight Promoter—"Well, as was mine, but let's not be downhearted about it."—Fight Stories.

Tribute Paid to Dame Millicent Fawcett's Memory

DAME Millicent Fawcett, who died in England recently at a good old age, was a leader, a gift which comes at rare intervals into the affairs of mankind, says a writer in The Times. Some think that leadership is thrown up from some great cause, others think that the leaders create the enthusiasm for the idea. We only know that ability, or birth, still less affluence or rank, has nothing to do with the quality. We all know it when we see it, and "a born leader" is a saying. Gifted with a strong constitution and iron energy, Mrs. Fawcett has told the tale of the years in her intensely vital and happy book, "What I Remember." Humor twinkles like the light in her eyes from beginning to end of this work. All will rejoice in the anecdote of what early turned her feet into the path of the freedom for women. A servant had stolen the purse of Mrs. Fawcett, then a young married woman. She charged the servant with the theft, and heard the charge sheet read aloud, "Stealing from the person of Millicent Fawcett a purse containing money, the property of Henry Fawcett." Mrs. Fawcett comments: "I felt that I had been charged with theft myself."

The book is full of humorous and pointed illustrations; that was one of the gifts she had in speaking. Of the hundreds of speeches I have heard her make, even on this limited subject, I never heard her repeat herself, nor did she ever tell the same tale. She had a knack of finding illustrations in the most out-of-the-way corners. Her voice was not her strong point; had it been of a better quality she would have been in the first rank; but it was the close reasoning and the sense of good-humored pertinacity which convinced her hearers. Courage she had in every matter; every good leader must possess that first attribute. An inflexible will was another. I was once requested by the then Prime Minister to deflect her attitude towards the public life of a politician. It was of real importance that this attitude should be changed. I said I would do his will, but "prepare at once for my failure; nothing will alter her resolution, and what is more she will carry her point in the way she has indicated." I did my best, because I was against her particular view. I failed, and Mrs. Fawcett succeeded in the way I had predicted.

She also inspired confidence and devotion. She was no gushing female. Rarely praised. I never saw her discouraged or out of temper. We, her disciples, also adored her, and loved her good comradeship. Women celebrated her seventieth birthday, and once we gave her a jewel. Only on such occasions did we realize what a depth of emotion lay hidden under her brightness, and most ardently did we all hope she would live to see the new day. It has been granted with the fullness of years. Few pioneers have seen the splendor of the dawning day as it has been hers to see it. There is not any citizen today who does not feel that he or she is the richer for the memory and inspiration of Dame Millicent Fawcett.

Hindu Seeks to Better Canada-East Indies Understanding

NOWADAYS Kartar Singh has his hair cut every three weeks and the fact excites not the slightest comment. Eighteen years ago, however, the same simple operation caused a tremendous sensation among the 5,000 Sikhs who had recently come to establish themselves in British Columbia, for Kartar Singh, then only twenty-two, was the first militant Sikh to abandon long hair and discard the turban in favor of occidental styles. The custom has since become general among his countrymen, but the innovator had to suffer many insults for daring to break his baptismal pledges. Today Kartar Singh is publishing in Vancouver a pretentious magazine, in English and Punjabi, which aims to be a journal of interpretation and information as between India and Canada, this being the culmination of an ambition he formed when first he came here as a priest to his people, whose history in the Dominion he is also engaged in writing. Fifteen years of Kartar Singh's life in Canada have been spent in Toronto and Ontario, where his experiences ranged all the way from snow shoveller to office manager. He is self taught as to English, which he writes with ease and force and speaks with facility and hardly any accent. It is his ambition to see a better relationship established between East Indians and Canadians, and his contention that the Sikhs and Hindus can be assimilated is to some extent borne out by the history of the past twenty years.

Organization of Soviet Youth Shows World-Wide Losses

STATISTICS published in Moscow by the International Communist Youth Organization show that during the past year the movement has failed to make the progress expected by the control organization. Membership of the Komsomol, the Communist Youth League of the Soviet Union, has not yet passed the 100,000 mark, while in other countries the membership stands as follows: Germany 22,000, France 5,000 (representing a decrease of as much as 2,500), Czechoslovakia 5,000, Norway 2,800, and the United States 3,500. No details are given concerning membership in Great Britain, although it is stated that last year the British section lost 500 members.

Just after winning the heavyweight championship, Gene Tunney was strolling along the beach one afternoon when he stopped to chat with a little girl who was playing on the sand. They became quite friendly and when he walked on she walked with him. Presently she said, "I'll have to go home now."

"Good-bye," he said, "and when your mother asks where you've been tell her you were walking with Gene Tunney."

"And when your folks ask where you've been," answered the child, "tell 'em you was walkin' with Mary Susanna Brown."—Fight Stories.

How Canadian Artist Won New York's Approval

IT was 'way back in 1905 that a sixteen-year-old Canadian boy "carried the chain" on a certain survey in North Ontario. He was a nice youngster to have on the party, but not any too "husky" for the job. When he joined the party he looked half-starved. There was an excellent reason for his looking just that way; he was half-starved and had been that way for close on a year

The boy of whom I speak joined that survey party because the chance to earn some money looked rather good to him. He didn't look forward to finding anything beyond hard work and the wherewithal to buy food. As he tells it today he felt that life had "licked" him. The dream of an artistic boy's soul had taken on the most destructive qualities of a horrible nightmare. For a year past his mind had been filled with what seemed a hopeless struggle—that of competing, untrained and poor, with a world full of art students (with opportunities for study at home and abroad); and, later, should he be victorious in the fight to achieve some training, competing with the most famous and highly trained artists of the world at large. It is impossible, of course, to say how largely the fact that the poor youngster was everlastingly hungry had to do with the fact that he admitted himself defeated before the fight was well begun.

However, the boy found something beyond hard work and his pay in that Summer at home in Canada. Perhaps it was the plentiful food and the fresh air which so speedily gave him back the lost boy vitality His defeated young artist soul, however, needed something more than that—and found it, so he says. There was something in the Canadian forests and streams and sparkling lakes and the glorious sunshine which reawakened the artistic hunger to create.

The boy was soon spending every spare minute in making sketches of his boss and the camp cook, and the other chaps and of hunters and trappers in their canoes or tramping the trail, and of Indians and their squaws, and of old mother nature, the nearest and dearest of all! He knew that his sketches were poor things—amateurish and crude—not a bit like the beautiful things which his eyes and his heart saw in the forests, but he had a feeling that, if he just kept on trying, his fingers would some day find the trick of doing those pictures justice.

Success in Exile

WHEN this point of view had presented itself to him quite clearly the boy (as he tells it today), awoke one morning to the realization that he was not licked after all and that he wasn't going to be licked when the referee gave the final decision. He knew this because he had grown willing to face the fight again and to take all the "punishment"—the blows and the scars—which fate had waiting for him, regardless of how much they hurt.

As I say that was in 1905.

In the State of Connecticut, near the town of Westport, there is a very beautiful old house which dates back to before revolutionary days. It is a lovely home and, in bringing it up to date in the matter of plumbing and lighting the artist-owner and his wife have sacrificed none of its old time charm. Way up the hill from the house is built a beautiful studio where a distinguished artist achieves work which finds its way all over this continent, the British Isles and Continental Europe.

It was only a month or so ago that, in this studio, the famous maker of exquisite etchings, rummaged through an old box of books and sketches which he had had sent on from Canada to his home in Connecticut. He chuckled as he came across the sketches which he had made as a boy on that surveying trip twenty-three years ago. He smiled a bit over their crudity, but he was carried back to the mood of high courage which had come to him that Summer of long ago and the realization burst upon him that he had gained something at home in Canada that time without which fame and prosperity would never have been his

Now—many Canadian artists and writers and others, in past days when Canada was less prosperous than now, have of necessity left their homeland to find opportunity "across the line." The successful ones are generally hailed as "Americans" and they let it go at that, for the reason that they feel they owe a great debt of gratitude to the land which gave them opportunity denied them at home. But—opportunity isn't everything For one who has won the grim fight and has achieved fame, many have gone down to defeat as nonentities in the public esteem. This man tells me that he might have—probably would have been one of the latter if he had not gone home exhausted with the struggle, with faith gone, licked, and there found renewed bodily vigor, renewed faith, renewed courage.

Yes, Harold Kerr Eby is Canadian all right, although he was born and spent his babyhood in Japan. He was born in 1889 when his father, Dr. C. S. Eby, Methodist-missionary from Canada, was stationed at Tokio.

As is the fate of Methodist parsons, Dr. Eby and his family did not stay long in any one place, even after their return to Canada, when young Harold Kerr Eby was two years old. The youngster's boyhood was spent in Vancouver, Kingston, Toronto and Bracebridge. It was in Vancouver, when he was six years old, that the child established contact with an "artist." This individual was an old one-legged sailor who lived in a little shack down by the sea and made a humble living by painting ships on clam shells for the decoration of the purchasers' parlor mantels. Kerr Eby aged six, worshiped humbly at the foot of the creative artist!



Kerr Eby

The sailor was a taciturn old chap, he took no particular interest in the little boy who became his abject slave, carried his water from a nearby spring, gathered driftwood along the shore for his fires—and stood at his shoulder and breathed deeply in his ear as the old curmudgeon painted taut riggings and billowing sails and angry seas. The funny little boy was many a time heaved bodily out of the door on to the sandy beach, but back he would come with various offerings to conciliate his idol—one of them being one of his father's best pair of boots. (He was only six, remember, and had not yet learned the sacredness of private boots and other property.)

Kerr Eby's father and mother, while strongly disapproving of the boot episode; and expressing their disapproval in a way to make the episode well remembered, were, nevertheless much interested in the child's attempts to emulate the art of his hero. They gave him a box of paints and it was with their blessing that he set out to create pictures.

A Printer's "Devil"

WHEN Kerr Eby was a boy of twelve the family was in Toronto, and it was then that he became possessed of a very large sum of money. One dollar and fifty cents! It was a Christmas present. The investment of this fortune was interesting A neighboring little girl, not much older than he, was more fortunate than he in that she was already attending art school. Finally, backed by one fifty, he entered upon his first academic training as an artist under her tuition to the tune of twenty-five cents a lesson.

This enterprising little girl had a class in drawing which consisted of half a dozen other children. (It is a curious fact that she, Helen Williams, now a distinguished and highly prosperous interior decorator in New York, has her country home in Connecticut just half a mile from Kerr Eby's place.)

It was shortly after this that Dr. Eby was moved by the Methodist powers-to-be to Bracebridge; Ont. Dr. and Mrs. Eby took very seriously the talents of their young hopeful and it was a keen regret to them that a minister's salary didn't "run to" sending the boy away to art school However, Kerr was an independent and self-reliant youngster. He left school and went to work as a "printer's devil" on a Bracebridge paper. Today he has forgotten the name of the paper but remembers a Mr. Bastedo as his much admired boss.

By the simple process of doing without all the things which boys like to have, and so saving his wages, Kerr Eby, by the time he was fifteen, had put by enough money to take him to New York. His idea was that he should study, and, by the way, make his living Filled with courage and a sense of high adventure, he arrived on a night of pouring rain in the great strange city. He walked (to save a nickel) twenty-five blocks to a boarding house of which someone had told him. Before his small surplus was quite gone he had a job at the American Lithographing Co. at four dollars a week, and was attending classes at Pratt Institute. For nearly a year he lived on his wages The privations which the boy endured brought a haunted look to the eyes of the man when he told me about it.

It was at the end of this year, during which the boy was constantly and continuously hungry, had worked literally night and day, yet felt that he was making little if any progress (and can you wonder when he studied under such conditions?) yes, it was at the end of this year that he had reached such a dire state of bodily and nervous exhaustion that he admitted himself "licked," and went home.

A surveyor friend of Dr. Eby offered the youngster a Summer job, and, as I have said, he tackled the job, and found his courage again. In the Fall, with grim determination, he returned to New York He had saved every penny of his Summer's wages and he entered as a night student at the Art Students' League. Then he found another daytime job in another lithographing concern. He studied under the famous Bridgeman and, this time, felt that he was really learning the craft. He became interested in illustrating, and tried his hand at it in class.

Yes, that year, and for many years to follow, it was struggle, struggle, all the way. Twice again, after that first surveying job, he went back discouraged, well-nigh hopeless, yet praying that his fighting spirit would return in the Canadian atmosphere of North Ontario He says that it always miraculously did! Then, slowly, and as his work gained in excellence so that his talent could express itself unhampered by lack of technical skill, recognition came to Kerr Eby. He persuaded a few editors to let him try his hand at illustrating stories for their magazines Then, at last, the editors came to him, asking for his work! Consider what that meant to the chap! They came to him! And, after the editors, came the publishers with polite requests that he illustrate novels, books of history, and every conceivable kind of book!

He Drew Gunners

AS Kerr Eby became one of the finest and most successful illustrators in New York, yet another ambition came to him. He had always been interested in line, rather than in color. He wanted to be an etcher. When this idea first appealed to him he couldn't afford to study with the great masters, so he studied their books on etching instead, and he experimented for years with an etching press and the copper plates. Through years of study, of experiment, of oft-discouraging experience, Kerr Eby felt his way to a technique which has, as we all know, made him one of the most famous makers of etchings in the world today.

Before the war, Kerr Eby, now a celebrated illustrator, had not achieved one single etching which he cared to exhibit, yet he had been quietly working in all his spare time, for years. With the war the artist enlisted, and was put into the camouflage section with the artillery. He saw real war at first hand, and his was no "bombproof job!" Even so, when he was not camouflaging the big guns, he was drawing and sending home sketches of "battle, murder, and sudden death!" Bursting shells, and aeroplanes, and always the gunners and the guns!

After the Armistice, the artist could hardly wait to get back to his studio and his sketches and his etching press Somehow, the thing which he had been striving for, for so long, seemed to be waiting for him there, for the etchings made from the war sketches had that quality for which he had been groping for years. He gave an exhibition in New York at the famous Frederick Keppel galleries (and it a triumph indeed to have those galleries accept work for an exhibition) and, practically overnight, the distinguished illustrator became the famous maker of etchings!

"You ask if I still love Canada?" said H. Kerr Eby earnestly. "You bet I do! Oh, my heart is mighty tender toward Canada! Like so many other youngsters of those days, it was a real necessity that I go afield for opportunity and to earn my bread and butter. But I have no quarrel with my homeland upon that score. Only a civilization considerably richer than Canada was then can afford to develop its own art by giving a living wage to aspiring young artists. But if the Canada of twenty-and-more years ago could not give me opportunity, it could and did give me something which was, perhaps, a greater thing

"My country's beauty; the peace of her forests; the courage of her tradition took in hand a boy who, far from home, admitted himself licked, and renewed his faith that the joy of achievement is the reward of courage."

How Europe Handles Crime and Criminals

With widespread crime persistent in America, it is of interest to see how Europe deals with crime and criminals. Accordingly an investigation of foreign prisons and penology systems has been made by The Colonist and The North American Newspaper Alliance. The results are given in a series of dispatches, of which this is the seventh.

By HENRIETTA W. BINGHAM

Holland's Prisons

SOLITARY confinement is so strictly enforced in Dutch prisons that prisoners never see each other. Each wears a hood whenever he leaves his cell. Work in prisons is contracted solely by the Government, which also provides for the after-care of prisoners.

Crime is greatly decreasing, and the percentage of recidivism is extraordinarily low.

In the second half of the nineteenth century it was generally realized that herding prisoners together brought demoralisation, often shocking, and in the Netherlands cellular separation was introduced. It has become the rule.

An exception is with prisoners who have served five years of a long sentence in solitary confinement, after which they are brought into the company of others and a classification is effected whereby neurotic and tubercular patients and conscientious objectors are placed in suitable sections.

Moreover, a short time ago an experiment was begun, "the open-air prison," the prisoners being employed in reclaiming heathland for cultivation. They are housed in communities.

The original intention of the cell was to isolate the prisoner from the moral infection of his fellows, and more especially to end education in crime afforded to each other, which had increased recidivism to an alarming degree under the old system.

For this reason they system of separation is still carried out strictly in cellular prisons, where, because of their hoods, prisoners never see each other's features This prevents as far as possible, ex-prisoners practising blackmail on each other after release

Nevertheless, in Dutch prisons, especially in houses of detention for persons awaiting trial or sentence, prisoners do occasionally manage to communicate with the outside world by "subterranean correspondence."

How Cells Are Furnished

THE cells are severe, the walls generally of grey cement; sometimes they are painted yellow. Light is admitted through a ground-glass window near the ceiling, and the only furniture is a bunk, folding table, stool (for the crippled, women and old persons, a chair) and covered pail. The men's hair is closely cropped, and they wear grey-brown prison clothes. The women wear a white cotton cap, jacket and skirt. The inventory includes an earthenware jug for water, tin drinking cup and food dish. Recent additions are a plate, spoon, fork and knife, all handed back after use, together with utensils supplied the prisoners for cleaning their cells daily

In Winter they get up at 7.30, in Summer at 7. Lights go out at 9. At present each prisoner receives in the morning a half litre of skimmed milk (the women get a similar quantity of full milk as well), coffee and brown bread Once a week soup is given, a piece of meat in it, and once a week boiled bacon with peas or beans. The usual Winter food is some kind of hot-pot, but in the Summer potatoes, vegetables and gravy are given separately. Fish is included in the menus, prescribed by the Department of Justice.

Formerly the food was not quite enough to satisfy hunger, and prisoners had to buy extra food in the canteen. Now the doctors have calculated exactly the number of calories for sufficient nourishment, and the canteen supplies extras only, such as butter, margarine, sugar, cheese, bacon, herring, fruit, tea, chocolate and tobacco, for in most prisons now men may smoke on certain days, sometimes every day. They pay for these extra rations out of the pay for their work, for everyone must work.

The Work in Prison

THE prisons are equipped for special kinds of work All competition with private industry is avoided, as all the work is exclusively for Government service

Those who know no kind of handwork are taught tailoring or sewing Well-educated persons become clerks, or work in the libraries. All prisoners are allowed books Chaplains and religious instructors of every creed visit the prisoners regularly.

The pay varies from ten to thirty-five (Dutch) cents a day (one U.S. cent is equal to two and one-half Dutch cents). Half is put aside for the prisoner on his release, the other half he uses as he likes, at the canteen, for postage, or his relations. Many prisoners look upon Sundays as the worst day of the week, for no work may be done then. The prisoners attend service, write letters, read, or do nothing

Of late years a certain liberty has been admitted in the application of some privileges and the degree with which this is applied accounts for the noticeable differences in the regime of various prisons. In some the discipline is benevolent, even friendly, and in others it is based strictly on rules and regulations. Individual attitude of the officials counts for much.

Among the privileges one may mention permission to prisoners to mitigate the severity of their cells by the presence of one or two plants, whose growth depends greatly on the amount of sunlight reaching the cell. Here and there one may find some poor bird suffering a double confinement, but providing comfort and cheer at the same time A small aquarium is another favorite possession. As a privilege prisoners are allowed to fix picture postcards they receive to their walls, and prints or drawings of their own.

Every day prisoners are taken into the open air, although this is generally only to be had in a dark courtyard where each one steps to and fro in his own sector unseen by the others. Scarcely ever are there trees or plants in these yards.

Some prisons have a gymnasium and an instructor. It is possible for certain prisoners to join a choir, and they give performances in the chapel now and then, but each singer sits in his own cell-like seat, seeing the choirmaster only. In the chapel occasional entertainments are given, such as lectures and magic-lantern shows.

Of greater influence on the character and future of the prisoners, however, are rescue work and after-care. The men and women who devote themselves to this visit the prisoners in their cells.

There are conditional sentences whereby misdemeanants are at liberty on probation, and are under supervision of rescue work officials for three years, dependent on their own efforts to lead an honest life. The conditional release of well-behaved prisoners after they have served three-quarters of their time is also permitted. There are several societies and institutions devoted to rescue work

Criminality in the Netherlands, as reflected in the figures regarding convictions, has been greatly decreasing of late. In 1907 the number in prisons and similar places was 57,000. There were 16,900 in 1926, with the result that many cells are empty and some prisons have been closed.

The percentage of recidivists in proportion to the total number of convicted prisoners is not so satisfactory In 1926 it was 41.9 per cent. In 1905 and 1906 it was 44 per cent; in 1901, 39.8 per cent The lowest figure was in 1916, 28.7 per cent, and since then the highest was 42.5 per cent, in 1922

It would seem, therefore, that the cellular system does not exercise a greatly deterrent effect.

'Twas a Bit Thick

AVIS Phillips, the young Canadian soprano whose New York achievements are noteworthy, met with a unique experience while doing concert work in Ontario about a year ago. Miss Phillips, it might be well to explain, is built somewhat along the lines of a Schumann-Heink, or in other words, is pleasantly plump, as a great many singers are. She was singing this evening in one of our baby cities frequently referred to as the "Scotch town." In introducing her, the chairman enlarged (oh, how apt the word "enlarged!") upon the fact that the singer was a native Canadian In "fact," he concluded with an eloquent gesture, "in fact she's all wool and a yard wide!"

He Owned It

A man who had not been very good during his earthly life died, and went below As soon as he got to the nether regions he began to give orders for changing the position of the furnaces, and started bossing the imps around One of them reported to Satan how the newcomer was acting

"Here," said Satan to him, "you act as though you owned the place."

"Certainly," said the man "My wife gave it to me while I was on earth."

Senator Borah Appeals To One Section of United States

SENATOR BORAH of Idaho seems to be one of those half-mysterious characters who maintain themselves in power by striking the strident national note and adopting a suspicious attitude towards the scheming foreigners who might conceivably rob or corrupt that benevolent old gentleman known as Uncle Sam By adopting this attitude Borah has undoubtedly won the support of a large body of United States opinion. It is not the most enlightened opinion, to be sure, but it is powerful. Borah does not rise much above this rather ingrown school of thought He has never been accused of being brilliant. He is not even a good debater in an assembly—the United States Congress—which, according to its own critics, is noted for the crudeness and dullness of its debates He does not attract friends, and he is completely insular in his mind not having familiarized himself with the European countries which he discusses so frequently. That he is an opportunist is shown very clearly by his attitude towards Hoover Not very long ago he denounced Hoover in real Midwestern style; he accused Hoover of every crime in the political decalogue. But it suited him to support Hoover for the presidency and he campaigned for him in Virginia, telling the people there what a fine fellow Hoover was. He gets away with barefaced inconsistencies like that because he has learned to trim his sails to suit public opinion. He can talk for a section of the public of the United States; he could never lead the people of the republic.

Author's Kindly Deed Fell on Fallow Ground

AUTOGRAPH hunters are far from popular with successful authors, but it is often hard to escape them.

Ernest Raymond, the English author of "Tell England," regarded by many competent critics as the best war story and the most likely to achieve permanent fame, has had more than his fair share of bother with autographiends, as he calls them. Whenever he sees an enthusiast bearing down on him with a book in one hand and a fountain pen in the other, he looks for a way of escape, usually without success. Then he submits with the best possible grace and signs his name with a flourish.

There was one occasion, however, when it was otherwise. Mr. Raymond had received some slight favor from a comparative stranger and decided to repay this by presenting the gentleman with a copy of one of his books. Feeling positive he would be asked to autograph this he scribbled his name on the fly sheet before tendering the gift.

The recipient accepted the book with thanks, and flipped back the cover His eye fell on the autograph, and he frowned.

"I wonder, Mr. Raymond," he said, hesitatingly, "whether you couldn't give me a clean copy instead of this one It looks sort of second-hand with your name in it!"

Russian Tradition Explained

A History of Russia By George Vernadsky (Yale University Press, London Milford.)

IN his preface to this interesting book Professor Rostovtzeff points out the peculiar contribution it makes to our understanding of Russian history, including its latest phases. For the first time, he says, it shows the links which connect the Russian Revolution with the past, and he rightly describes as particularly valuable Mr. Vernadsky's attempt to give due weight to the Oriental affinities of the Russian people For centuries, during her early history, Russia formed part of powerful Asiatic empires, Mongolian and Iranian, she still occupies territorially a large part of Asia; and, though she has succeeded in partly absorbing or partly Europeanizing many Asiatic tribes, the reciprocal influence of these tribes on her own peculiar development is a factor not to be neglected.

Autocracy, for instance, according to Mr Vernadsky, was a legacy of the Tatar domination; it was no part of the system established by the Varangian princes of the house of Rurik, which was of the early Teutonic type. The policy of the Tsars of Muscovy was inspired partly by Mongolian, partly by Byzantine traditions, and reached its supreme embodiment in Iran the Terrible, who, in 1564, destroyed the nobles by a series of wholesale executions and confiscations, and created a new official class, the oprichniks, bound to the throne by ties of self-interest This was a precedent followed, consciously or unconsciously, by the Bolshevists when they exterminated the bourgeois and based their power on the Communist Party, which includes only one per cent of the adult population. "The time of troubles" which followed the death of Tsar Fedor, without heirs, provided another analogy. Mr. Vernadsky compares the formidable rising of the peasants and slaves, to exterminate the rich, with the movement of 1917.

The 18th century provided fresh precedents. Under Peter the Great the system of autocracy was perfected and, partly for fiscal, partly for military reasons, the division between the classes was widened and fixed. State Socialism became the order of the day, and the serfs, who had hitherto been bound to the land but not the landowners, were reduced to the level of slaves This produced another Socialistic experiment—the military colonies" of Alexander I—the object of which was to free the Government from dependence on the landowners in the matter of recruiting Mr. Vernadsky compares this with the system of militarized labor introduced by the Bolshevists into the coalmines, and with the attempt made in 1920 to organize military workers' communes. The decree of January, 1920, indeed, he says, assimilated the Soviet economic system to the State economy of Russia before the reforms of Alexander II; "the whole population . . . was now equalized at the level of the peasants and workmen assigned to the State factories in the eighteenth century and first half of the nineteenth centuries." Soviet economy in industry, he says, may be compared to an inferior form of the system advocated by Count Witte, and in peasant agriculture to the regime of Imperial Russia prior to Stolypin's reforms. As for the Soviet system itself, this, he says, is but a screen for the real rulers of Russia, the Communist Party, which "as the real Government class of Soviet Russia, is similar to the nobility during the eighteenth and first half of the nineteenth century." In short, the old autocratic Tsardom has merely been put into commission The Russian tradition persists.

These few examples, out of many, may illustrate the peculiar value of this book The earlier history of Russia occupies a comparatively small space in it, the last seven chapters being devoted to developments since the Revolution of 1917. Mr. Vernadsky tells us that he has aimed at writing in a strictly scientific spirit, and he has succeeded in this aim. His restraint is, indeed, amazing. The horrors of the "Red Terror" are dismissed in a couple of paragraphs, and the story of the Revolution and the civil war that followed might have been written by an impartial onlooker.—The Times

Madame Jeanne Dusseau Sang Contralto With Soprano Voice

WHEN Madame Jeanne Dusseau, Canadian soprano, was a fair-haired girl in her 'teens, living in Canada, an undiscerning listener once labelled her a contralto. The label persisted, until a wise mother, listening daily to the lyric voice of her daughter soaring up on notes of breath-taking loveliness, had a firm conviction that if ever a voice was soprano, her daughter's was.

To prove her conviction, an appointment was made with Atherton Furlong, formerly of London, England, whose studio was a Mecca to which all vocal aspirants were attracted Reminiscences of one who is a friend of long standing, and who was present during the appointment, include the memory of what took place that afternoon.

Testing voices was an every day occurrence with Atherton Furlong He struck a chord. The young singer gave back each clear note. Furlong swung slowly round in his chair, a smile on his face. "You may or you may not believe me," he said, "but you haven't a contralto note in your voice

Today Madame Dusseau fits easily into her niche high up among Canada's famous artists Although Scotland is claimed as her birthplace, Canada has been her homeland since she was five years old, and as a Canadian Madame Dusseau is keenly alive to Canada's possibilities in the musical world. In little old French villages, on sea coast, in out-of-the-way settlements, she feels that a wealth of folk songs and traditional melodies is waiting for the day when its discovery will thrust Canada foremost in the ranks of countries rich in national music.



Lament of a Big Sensitive Girl

I WONDER if in all this big world anyone could be more miserable than I. You see, it's just because I'm fat—now please don't laugh, for I am deadly in earnest. Oh, no one can realize what a "fat" girl has to put up with. And it isn't as if I was always fat—oh, dear, no! Just one short year ago I was as slender and dainty as anyone—but oh my! What do you think happened?

Last July I was returning from a "shopping tour" down town and as I live only about a mile and a half from Spencer's I had decided to walk. Well, that was a terrible decision, for, oh my, something terrible happened. While crossing a noisy street I was knocked down. Yes, knocked down and seriously injured—of course, I was rushed to the hospital immediately and compelled to stay there, lying on the broad of my back for two whole months—but that wasn't all or nearly the worst, for, after at last recovering, I—oh, I did something dreadful! I started to put on flesh—of course you say, "Why, that's quite the proper thing to do." But oh, boys and girls, I kept on putting on flesh. Before I went into the hospital I weighed ninety-three pounds, which was the average weight for one of my years, but, when I started back to school in September, my weight was one hundred and thirty-five pounds—would you believe it? Oh, boys and girls, you cannot imagine what tortures I endured. Not a day, not an hour passed without my being subjected to the cruelest, most sarcastic taunts. I was nicknamed "Fleshy." Fleshy, mind you! Oh, what a dreadful, dreadful word! How I hated it! Many and many the night I have bathed my pillow in tears—tears of humiliation, mortification and self-pity. But that was not all—oh, no! Before my accident I had been president of a little girls' club—my, what fun we used to have!—parties, hikes, games, sports. But the girls refused to have me for their president, or indeed even as a common member. "Oh," they often said, "we don't want to have a great fat thing like you in our little club—go away." Oh, boys and girls, you cannot imagine how that hurt me—cut through my heart like a sharp knife. To think that my own special chums deserted me and despised me!

Well, the days and weeks flew by, most miserably for me, until Christmas time came around. Then I felt my keenest sorrow. How it hurt me to see my former chums and friends planning, chatting, shopping, whispering together of parties, presents and of the Christmas tree and concert—of course I wasn't allowed, wasn't even asked to take part in the coming festivities; formerly I had taken an active part in all, being pretty and popular—but now I weighed one hundred and fifty-two and was truly a monster—I am naturally rather short, and this dreadful fatness made me appear much more so. It wasn't only at school I suffered, oh no! It was even worse at home. Mother and Dad expected me to do twice as much work now that I was so fat—when Mother asked my sisters to do anything they would usually say, "Make that big fat lump do it; work is good for her; she doesn't do enough, that's why she's so fat." Cruel, cruel speech, as if one can stop one's fatness no matter how one works. I know, for I've tried it—often I've come in covered with perspiration, but oh dear, it only increases my fatness. I've tried dieting too—often almost starving myself, but all in vain. It's gotten so bad I hate to leave my home—for even on the street car and sidewalk I hear smothered laughter and sometimes catch fingers pointing at me, saying laughingly, "Isn't she a whopper!" They think I can't hear or see, I suppose, but dear knows my hearing and observation have been quickened tenfold since my affliction—for to me it is an affliction. I am getting daily more sensitive and self-conscious. I sit for hours staring sadly out of my window, watching my gay playmates rushing joyously about. Sometimes I think life is very hard and unfair and bitter.

Anyway I hope my sad little tale will give some of those thoughtless boys and girls a little idea of the cruel pain and heartache they give to their unfortunate companion—the fat person.

EDNA MICKELSON.
525 Craigflower Road, Victoria, B.C.

LITTLE TWO-EYES

By M. GENEVIEVE SILVESTER

MAKE-A-BOOK—Save the twelve pictures that tell this story to make a book. Cut them out and paste them on white paper. You will then have a complete story. Cut a cover from stiff paper and sew the pages of the book into it with a big, strong stitch.



When her mother gave her the dinner she had saved for her, Two-Eyes said, "I am not hungry."

"That is queer," said her mother, "Two-Eyes is always hungry. One-Eye go with Two-Eyes and see if anyone brings her food to eat."

One-Eye went with Two-Eyes when she took the sheep to the field. But One-Eye was soon very sleepy. 9



Two-Eyes said, "One-Eye, lie down and I will sing you to sleep." One-Eye was soon fast asleep. Then Two-Eyes called the goat. And up came the fairy table. She ate all she wanted and sent the table away.

When they went home, One-Eye said, "I did not see her eat anything. But she sang and I went to sleep for a little while." 11

Winnie's Naughty Charge

By Mrs. Nestor Noel

"BE careful of Sylvia," said Mother as she handed Winnie a basket. "And, Sylvia, do not go too far away from Winnie. I trust you both."

"All right, Mother, they promised her, and then turned towards the wood, Winnie carrying the lunch.

It was a glorious day, just the sort for a picnic; but it was getting late in the year and the sun would not keep the woods warm long, so Mother told them to be back soon after they had eaten their lunch.

"I wonder what's in the basket," said Sylvia. "Let's look."

"Oh, no," said Winnie. "That will spoil all the fun. We cannot enjoy it so much if we know what it is beforehand. Let's pretend to be squirrels and collect nuts and put them in our pockets. Stay near me."

"I'm not such a baby," said Sylvia. "I could run on a little, and you might catch me."

"Very well," said Winnie.

"But you must shut your eyes first so as not to see where I go," went on Sylvia.

"Mother said I was not to lose sight of you," said Winnie.

"We always do play hide and seek," pouted Sylvia.

"That is near the house," persisted the elder girl. "You can always be found near a house."

Sylvia began to cry. "You're horrid," she whimpered.

"Oh, come," said Winnie. "You run on a little way, and I'll give you a chance. I feel I shouldn't shut my eyes really, not when Mother trusted me."

Sylvia ran off as quickly as she could, Winnie after her.

"You mustn't go so fast," said Winnie. "I'm carrying the basket. It's heavy."

Sylvia paid no heed. On and on she ran, hiding behind this tree and that. At last Winnie found a sheltered place which she thought she would remember. She stopped a minute and put down her basket. It half slipped because the ground was uneven. She took a piece of wood and propped it up. "Now I'll catch my sister," she cried triumphantly.

She looked around her, listening for footsteps on the Autumn leaves. There was a rustling of the leaves, the songs of birds, the moaning of the wind and . . . yes . . . that was the sound of footsteps!

Runs Into Cow

WINNIE started to run. Suddenly she saw a cow in front of her. The girl was not afraid of cows. She patted her.

"You, Molly," she said. "But then, where is Sylvia?"

Winnie ran in one direction, then in another. Nowhere could she find her sister.

"Oh, what will Mother think," she cried, as exhausted she sank down on a log and burst out crying. Of course, it was not her fault, she knew, but this did not seem to console her much.

Lunch hour passed. Winnie did not even look for her basket. What fun would lunch be without Sylvia? The sun was getting lower in the sky. Winnie began to shiver, but she did not think of herself, only of Sylvia and her Mother.

"Oh, dear," she cried. "Sylvia will die of cold. She'll die and the birds will cover her with leaves. Will it be because I was so stupid? I should never have let her out of my sight!"

She called Sylvia's name aloud; she shouted; she whistled; but there was only the echo, and it frightened her. Suddenly, while sat once more resting for a few minutes her head buried in her hands, she felt something cold against her fingers. She looked up.

"Oh, Carlo," she cried. "You've found me, good dog. Come. Find Sylvia." She jumped up excitedly, the dog bounding about her. "Find Sylvia," she repeated. She did not move from where she stood. She trusted the dog to lead the way. He sniffed the air, then running on, he dashed away. "Not so fast," she cried.

Carlo ran back to her. Again he ran on, then back, then on. At last he stopped, jumping and barking.

There lay Sylvia near a tree fast asleep. Her face was dirty and tear-stained. Winnie bent over her.

"Wake up," she cried. We've got to get home."

Sylvia opened her blue eyes. "Oh, Winnie," she said. "I thought I was lost. You never caught me. Oh, here's Carlo."

"Yes," said Winnie. "If it hadn't been for him, I'd never have found you. Hold my hand. We'd better get home before Mother worries."

Mother had already worried and sent the dog in search of them.

When she saw them she asked a few questions.

"I didn't mean to run so fast," said Sylvia. "If Winnie hadn't put down the basket—oh—where is the basket? I'm so hungry."

The basket had to be left until the next day when Mother went with the two children and found it herself.

"There will not be any more picnics in the woods this year," she said. "Next year, Sylvia will have learnt not to run away from big sister when I leave her in charge."

"I'll never run away again," promised Sylvia. She kept her word.

A Tiny Feathered Friend

HOW many of our readers know the little bird called the wren? An article in Our Dumb Animals shows that the gardener can have no better friend. Here are a few paragraphs that will help you to recognize and value this little neighbor:

The bird is small, somewhat the color of a mouse, and as she flits about in the bushes and hedges, reminds one somewhat of the mouse. She is seldom seen in the open country, for no long flights are taken, but confines herself to the bushes. If one is quiet he may observe this little bird as she moves about and may be able to come very close without interfering with her home life.

The wren is a great singer and produces some very loud songs for a creature so small.

In food habits the wren is entirely beneficial, for the food is almost entirely animal. Of a great number of stomachs examined, 98 per cent of the contents was made up of insects or their allies and only 2 per cent was vegetable food. This included bits of grass which had evidently been taken while capturing insects. The stomach contents contained grasshoppers, beetles, caterpillars, bugs, and spiders. The bird is a great hunter and searches diligently about barns, decaying trees, posts, vines, and spaces in walls for insects.

The nest is made up of sticks, grass, string, moss, and almost any material available. Often a great quantity of sticks is taken into a box, carried out again and once more the work of carrying them back begins. Often several nests will be built in the vicinity and, it has been thought by many, that these were practice nests built by the young of the previous year; others say it is a peculiarity of the bird that it tries several nests before making a final decision.

The wren is not particular as to the place of building, but will take up its abode in boxes, tin cans, or crevices. One family built in the body of a hawk which had been nailed to a barn door; another built in the skull of a calf; still another built in an old mitten. No matter where the bird takes possession, it pours out its thanks in sweet song. The house is kept clean and tidy and free from vermin.

Six to eight eggs are laid. They are of a creamy color and so thickly spotted with brown that the whole egg appears tinged.

"Yukon, Land of the Klondike"

THIS is the title of a handsome little book issued by the Department of the Interior of the Government of Canada. The author is F. H. Kitto, Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, formerly Director of the Yukon Survey. The Minister of the Interior, Hon. Charles Stewart, has written a short but graphic preface.

Government publications used to be called Blue Books and were not easy to read, but this pamphlet is neither blue nor dull. It contains maps and pictures of British Columbia's northern neighbor, and the descriptions and comments show that the writer knows and loves the country of which he tells.

The book should be in every Canadian school, if not in every classroom. Children of all ages will be delighted with the pictures from the first, of a prospector washing gold with a pan, to the last, showing a woman feeding wild geese. To older people there are many reminders of a story of the North in which relatives and friends and, perhaps, they themselves have had a part. The tourist or would-be tourist will find in the forty-four pages an excellent guide book.

The narrative begins with a description of the Inside Passage from Vancouver, Victoria or Seattle to Skagway, and goes on to tell of the White Pass and Yukon Railway. In this section we read:

"Log Cabin was at one time a stirring town, the first established community to be encountered on the Canadian side of the line. The country in its vicinity abounds in big game—moose, caribou, grizzly bear, mountain sheep and goats.

"As the train steams North from Log Cabin at an increased speed on a downward grade the traveler realizes that he is approaching the land of the Klondike. Every mile is full of interest; every little station has a history. Lake Lindeman can be seen from the train about seven miles beyond Log Cabin. It lies to the west of the railway. The head of this lake was the terminus of the old Chilkoot Pass trail which was used by great numbers of the early gold seekers before the White Pass trail supplanted it. The great snowslide that buried so many climbers occurred on the Chilkoot Pass trail."

Here are pictures of mining days thirty years ago and now. "The original miners delved for gold with picks and shovels and washed out their 'pay dirt' in rockers or sluices. They thawed the frozen ground by wood fires and hoisted the gravel from the bottom of shafts to the surface by hand-operated windlasses. As the scope of operations increased scientific and large scale methods of mining were introduced. Thousands of tons of machinery were hauled into the country. Dams, ditches and flumes were constructed to provide water for hydraulicking operations, one such system being sixty miles in length. Hydro-electric powerhouses and transmission lines were erected capable of mining more ground in a day than a dozen men could in a year."

The silver fields of Mayo and Kino are touched upon and we are told about the wonderful gardens, wild flowers and homes of the Far North. "Some Yukon Facts" has figures the skilful teacher will know how to handle and the natural resources are enumerated.

While, however, it is interesting for Vancouver Island children to learn all they can about this Northern part of Canada, they will be glad to know that their own homes are in a milder climate.

The Butterfly Game

I WILL now describe a game that gave Antoinette and me the greatest pleasure during these two delicious Summers.

We pretended to be two caterpillars, and we would creep along the ground upon our stomachs and our knees, and hunt for leaves to eat. After having done that for some time we played that we were very, very sleepy, and we would lie down in a corner under the trees and cover our heads with white aprons—we had become cocoons. We remained in this position for some time; and so thoroughly did we enter into the role of insects in a state of metamorphosis, that anyone listening would have heard pass between us, in a tone of the utmost seriousness, conversations of this nature:

"Do you think you will soon be able to fly?"

"Oh, yes! I'll be flying very soon; I feel them growing on my shoulders now . . . they'll soon unfold." (They naturally referred to wings.) Finally we would wake up, stretch ourselves, and without saying anything, we conveyed by our manner our astonishment at the great transformation in our condition . . .

Then suddenly we began to run lightly and very nimbly in our tiny shoes, in our hands we held the corners of our pinafores which we waved as if they were wings. We ran and ran and chased each other and flew about making sharp and fantastic curves as we went. We hastened from flower to flower and smelled all of them, and we continually imitated the restlessness of giddy moths; we imagined, too, that we were imitating their buzzing, when we exclaimed: "Hon on, on!" a noise we made by filling the cheeks with air and puffing it out quickly through the half-closed mouth.—Pierre Loti in "The Story of a Child."

The Bold Beginner

When I heard that I'd got to recite tonight,
I felt so frightfully brave and proud.
I hadn't a tremor, or trace of fright;
I was ready to face the most critical crowd.
My ambitions had reached their height.

That's how I felt when the news first came.
I studied my pieces from dawn till dark;
But somehow I didn't feel quite the same
As the day wore on—what had seemed a lark
Began to feel rather tame.

The tameness turned to a haunting fear
I couldn't eat, and I never smiled
As this horrible, ghastly hour drew near.
I lost the ways of a charming child,
And became—what you see me, here.

Old Damocles' sword was a joke to mine
I've known every pang of the hunted hare
I was sure I'd forget every single line.
Horrors of which I'd been unaware
Formed a perfectly good "ensoine."

But I forced myself to it, and here I am,
Boldly confronting the footlights' glare,
Outwardly calm as the callous clam
If I'd known what ordin'ry folk you were,
I wouldn't have cared a—bit.

—L. Bullock-Webster

I often wonder if I did not know English what I should think of the sound of it, well talked. I believe I should esteem it a soft speech, very pleasant to the ear, varied but emphatic, singularly free from guttural or metallic sounds, restful, dignified, and friendly. I believe I should choose it, well spoken, before any language in the world as the medium of expression of which we should tire last.—John Galsworthy.

Sportsmanship

NOTHING else brings out qualities of good sportsmanship in a boy or girl as do athletic games. If you are a poor loser, you can't conceal it very long on the basketball floor, the baseball diamond or the tennis court.

You've heard sportsmanship praised again and again, but you'll never realize how important it is until you meet someone who is a poor sport. He can't take a beating without grumbling. He never gives his opponent credit for good playing, but says it is just luck. He is always whining about conditions under which he plays. Nothing ever suits him. He is a chronic kicker. Altogether, he's just about as unattractive and contemptible a person as you'll meet anywhere.

We all like to win, but none of us can always be victorious. Play the game for the love of it, and don't put so much stress on the score. Be a good loser, even if you can't be a good player. Bad sportsmanship is the greatest sin in the athletic world.

The Imprisoned Merman

I found a little sailing ship
Beside the silver sea,
Its masts were tall, its sails were trim
And white as white could be.

I carried it across the sands
And set it in the tide,
It tossed about among the waves
And rocked from side to side.

I peeped around the little mast,
I peeped inside the hold,
And there I found a merman brave
With curls of gleaming gold.

"Pray throw me in the sea again,
Pray throw me in the tide.
While I am here the ship will roll,
And I shall die," he cried.

"I lay adreaming on a rock;
Up sailed this vessel bold,
A big wave lifted me aboard
And tossed me in the hold!"

I seized him by his yellow hair
And flung him in the sea
He dipped and flew his shining tail,
And off again swam he.

My little boat stood up so straight,
I stood so free and fine,
It breasted all the rolling waves,
With all its decks ashine.

Perhaps it was a fairy boat,
I really cannot say;
I only know it spread its sails
And slowly sailed away.

—Selected

Are You Making a Book?

THE editor hopes a great many little boys and girls under ten are coloring the pictures in the story of Little Two-Eyes on this page of the Sunday Colonist.

If you have not begun you can get daddy to buy the last two papers at the office. The story began on September 1.

You have your boxes of colors and if you follow the directions should have a pretty book. The maker of the prettiest one shall have a dollar as a prize. All who send books in will have them returned and their names will be in the paper. The owners of those that are very good will get a little badge when their books are sent back. Now try your very best and begin as soon as mother will let you.

Charles Perrault, Author Of "Mother Goose"

DID you ever wonder who first told the story of Cinderella, Red Riding Hood, and many another tale that has delighted the little folks of every land where books are read?

It is not likely that we will ever know. Long before books were printed these stories were told in chimney corners in Winter or on the hillsides in Summer by aunts and uncles and grandmothers to wondering little folk; or perhaps father gathered the noisy group about his knee and the little ones grew still as he told of fairy princes or the marvels of Tom Thumb. How long this went on we do not know, but the stories grew and grew till at last they could grow no more. Then the story-tellers found new tales to tell—not so good or so perfect as the old ones.

It was an old gentleman and scholar who, to please his young son, gathered up the stories told by the country folk of France about three hundred years ago. His boy's name was given as the author, and one of the titles of the volume was the "The Stories of Mother Goose."

It is supposed that the little son had told the stories to his father, and that was why the child of ten was named as the author.

Now, Charles Perrault had written many books, with which he had taken great pains. He was the head of that very learned body called the Academie Francaise. But the only books that live now are the stories of Mother Goose and a few others written for children. One of these is called "The Skin of the Ass."

It was, then, Charles Perrault who preserved for the children of all time Cinderella, Bluebeard, Puss-in-Boots, Red Riding Hood, The Sleeping Beauty, Tom Thumb, and others. Many writers in France and other countries have told fairy tales, but Mother Goose is still queen of the nursery.

Pompeii's Ancient Bakery



IF ever you go to Pompeii, in Italy, you can see in that ruined city the remains of hundreds of houses and shops and streets, the household furniture, chariots, cooking utensils and other remains of a people who lived and worked here eighteen hundred and fifty years ago. For the city was a prosperous community up to the year 79 A.D., at which time the volcano of Vesuvius burst into an eruption of fire and burning lava. The city was not totally destroyed, however, for much of it was merely covered with thousands of tons of ashes from the fiery mountain. These ashes are being removed now and, though a great deal of the city is still covered with them, much of it is entirely exposed and we can see the town at the present day much as it was eighteen centuries ago.

One of the most interesting of the sights uncovered is that of an ancient bakery shop with much of its primitive machinery still in place and some of it still in such good repair that it might be used today. The bakery itself is the building on the left. On the right of this house is an open court in which we see the stone mills for grinding the baker's flour. Each of these old mills is an hour-glass shaped stone which is hollow, the upper part forming a funnel-shaped hopper in which the grain was poured. The lower part is an inverted funnel placed over a cone-shaped stone inside of it. The grain dropped between the inner stone and the outer, and when the outer stone was turned by a long timber placed in its side, the grain was ground to flour between the two.

The stones when examined were found to be well-worn, and even some particles of grain and flour were found between them, the only reminders of the bread baked by this unknown baker of Pompeii for his customers almost two thousand years ago.

The Secret Valley

MARJORIE kept one walk all to herself. It went up a lane and ended in a still green valley. She had grown to love it.

And when Uncle Clifford (who was over on a holiday from Rhodesia) came to stay, Marjorie went off to her private valley quite happily. When she got there she found that somebody had got there first. It was Uncle Clifford! He was lying on the hillside, puffing his pipe.

"Oh, dear!" cried Marjorie ruefully as she came up to him. "I thought this was mine. I'm sorry it seems selfish of me, Uncle Clifford, but I did discover it."

"And so did I—when I was a boy," said her uncle. "Don't be sad, Marjorie. Every lovely place, green and quiet, belongs to many people. They nearly always go there by themselves. This is our secret, and probably other people's, too. I often think of this place when I am far away in Rhodesia; and you will think of it, Marjorie, when you are grown-up and away. I shall not spoil it for you, for I understand why you love it. And to love the same place," he added with a smile, "means that we are going to be tremendous friends."

And indeed they were.—My Magazine.

A Little Child's Good-Night

Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon this little child;
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to Thee.
Fain I would to Thee be brought,
Gracious God, forbid it not;
In the kingdom of Thy grace
Grant Thy little child a place.

—Charles Wesley.

What we can do is so little—our Courage is to do it so much. Courage is, in fact, our life—to tell ourselves the truth and to do it.—Maurice Hewlett.



Suburb and Country



Agriculture is a first principle: on it rests the life and happiness of mankind.—Julian A. Dimock

Care of Poultry on the Farm

By R. C. GIBSON

YOU have been very patient with the writer of these notes for the past two or three months, and he thanks you for your kind consideration, attention and good wishes during his illness. So to resume our series of articles dealing with culling, housing and feeding, also the general bringing "up" of your new pullets—you must now have an ideal house filled with ideal birds, only waiting ideal management to turn them into real profitmakers throughout the Winter. Let us round off our little series by giving you the details of how you can achieve this admirable end. Taking things in their order of importance, we cannot do better than by making a start with feeding.

The Methods of Feeding

MANY are the methods of feeding, but there are only two that stand ahead of all others, namely, the dry mash and the wet mash methods. There is nothing to choose between them as regards egg production, but each method suits different poultrykeepers. The dry mash way saves the labor of heating the water, mixing and dishing out the mash and the cost of cleaning of troughs. On the other hand, it is not so palatable to the birds as the wet mash, and there is also the cost of hoppers to be considered. Having decided on which method you are going to adopt, the next thing is to draw up a menu, i.e., an order for feeding. The day is divided into three feeding periods—morning, noon and evening—but the noon one may be cut out if you find that you cannot possibly visit your birds at that time. Then there are the proper quantities of each food to give at each feeding period.

Dry Mash Feeding—Early morning: Three-quarters of an ounce of grain mixture per bird, absolutely buried in loose, light, dry, clean scratching. Noon: Greenfood (if not on grass run), plus a tiny feed of grain, again buried, say, one handful. Evening: As much grain as the birds can possibly eat, given on top of the litter or in troughs, preferably the latter.

Notes—There must never be any grain left uneaten by the birds in the morning. There must always be fresh, sweet-smelling, dry mash in hoppers placed in that position in the house which is easiest for the birds to get at, and plenty of clean water and oyster or clam shell grit, likewise placed in accessible hoppers.

Wet Mash Feeding—Early morning: One and three-quarter ounces of grain mixture buried in litter as above. Noon: Greenfood and half an ounce per bird buried grain. Three-quarters of an hour before sunset: A huge crop-filling feed of warm, crumbly wet mash, as much as they can possibly eat. Clean water and shell grit always available. The idea in both cases is to make the birds eat as much mash as possible. Cram them full of mash to produce eggs and keep them healthy by scratching in the litter for grain. If they do not eat much wet mash in the evening, or if they do not seem keen on the dry mash, cut down the grain until they do. By the way—pardon me—these menus are specially designed for the feeding of just-in-lay pullets, and are slightly different from those intended for old hens, etc. Now we come to the actual composition of the feeds themselves. Below we give the best possible mash and grain mixtures, containing ingredients easy to obtain and, withal, reasonable in price.

Dry Mash Composition—Three parts, by weight, of middlings, two of yellow maize meal; one each of ground oats, clover (or Lucerne) meal; broad bran and meat-and-bone meal. Each meal must be purchased separately and all mixed together very thoroughly, for intimate mixing is essential.

Wet Mash Composition—Five parts, by weight, of middlings, two and a half of yellow maize meal, two of ground oats, one and a half of meat-and-bone meal, one of broad bran and half of clover.

The Grain Mixture

THE grain mixture is two parts each of wheat and kibbled maize and one of heavy white oats. As a rough guide, one handful of grain taken with the hand palm downwards is equal to two ounces, so that three-quarters of an ounce per bird would be one and a half handfuls per four birds. Do not throw the grain down just on top of the litter. It must be raked in with a long-toothed rake. It is a better idea still to don a pair of rubber boots and, as the food is thrown in front of you, to kick the litter immediately over and on top of the grain. Those of you who keep only six to twelve birds in your back yard, or on your lot of 60 x 120, will find that it is most economical to use up the scraps from the table. It is almost impossible to give a mash formula to suit the mixing of house scraps, because they vary in composition such a lot. The following, however, may be taken as an average for a mash containing house scraps. Five parts, by weight, of house scraps, four of middlings and one each of clover meal, maize meal and meat-and-bone meal. If the scraps contain much meat, cut out the meat-and-bone meal; if much bread, the maize meal, and if much vegetable, the clover meal. In regard to greenfood, a regular supply is important from the end of this month because at about that time the grass begins to lose a great deal of its nutritive value, and the weather has been so good in Western Canada this year that, well, it's just not here, that's all. Of course, there are other greenstuffs—cabbages, sprout leaves, spinach, coleseed and kale are all excellent, and if these are not obtainable, you can sprout oats, or give swedes, and do not fail to omit the clover, or lucerne meal in the mash. When pullets first come into lay, you will notice a vastly increased appetite, which must be satisfied. And finally, before we leave the question of feeding let us say that cleanliness is absolutely essential, for newly-laying pullets undoubtedly endure a severe strain, and, in their somewhat weakened condition, filthy, germ-ridden apparatus may cause no end of illness.

The Nest Boxes

NEW pullets often give trouble in not laying in the nest boxes provided for them. Maybe they are unable to get up easily. Many nest boxes can be much improved by fitting up an alighting perch. You know—about six inches from the entrance to the nest. Another rather common nuisance at this time is the pullet which makes a cosy nest in the corner of the house and lays there before the owner is up in the morning. Yes, and nearly always in the corners, mind you; rarely out in the open litter, and therefore it is a fine plan to kick or rake all the litter from the corners into the centre of the house last thing at night. Ample nest boxes are another essential to the stopping of this laying away, as well as broken eggs, and bad-tempered fowls. There must be at least one nest box for every four birds, and if you are going to trap-nest, the allowance should be one for every three birds. Young pullets are nervous when they first come on to lay, and they must never be frightened by such things as flapping sacks, dogs or strangers. Neither must the feeding be changed abruptly. Any change that you deem necessary must be made gradually, increasing proportion and lowering the amount of the latter pro ratio. Keep a strict watch on litter to see that it is always light and easily scratched about. It must be kept dry by maintaining a sound roof and a dry floor. When bad weather comes along, put all shutters up, refit the glass to the wire netting "windows" and fit storm boards over any necessary places. If you find that despite all your precautions the house still seems badly ventilated, cut out some more spaces near the droppings boards, but in such position that the birds are not subjected to draughts by being in a direct line between two windows or ventilators. If the house seems draughty, big sheets of rubber-like roofing felt fixed over the suspected side will soon put at rest "all trouble."

If Eggs Must Be Washed

IT is a pity when new-laid eggs have to be washed before they are marketed. It shows carelessness on the part of the attendant in that he has not done everything to insure the production of clean ones. Washing an egg generally means that the bloom disappears. This bloom is the trademark of the new-laid eggs. Stale ones and pickled ones do not possess it. Destroy the bloom and the consumer does not quite know what he is buying. But if the eggs must be washed, there is a way of doing it which does not spoil the eggs' appearance entirely. The bloom is pretty firmly attached, therefore, unless the eggs are rubbed, it is not removed to any extent. Put the dirty eggs into luke-warm water and wipe with a piece of flannel. Dip into the water again and dry by standing the eggs on blotting paper. Do not polish them with a cloth, for it is chiefly this which spoils the bloom.

Spare Items

FROM now on, wait till the dew is off the grass before letting the layers out in the morning. Handle the stubblers of an evening occasionally to make sure their crops are full. If they are not the birds will need more food. Creosote the nest boxes against the Winter's damp, but do not let the hens use them till they are dry. Give the finished moulters a little sulphur in their mash—it helps refeathering. Watch for and treat "slipped wing" in the biggest of the cockerels.

When the weeds begin to die you will notice some holes in the wire netting bottom. Mend them or the birds will surely find them. Clean out the incubator in preparation for the hatching of Spring chickens and ducklings.

Have you heard of the duck egg laying competition. Duck eggs are coming into their own again.

Yes, you can have ventilation without a draught.

You will soon harvest your sunflower seed.

No, the word "Fall" does not mean the Autumn season. It means the fall of the leaf only. For example: Mr. Gardener—"When is a good time to plant bulbs." The Old Gardener—"Well, at the fall of the leaf, or any time during the Autumn." And that is not a recent story, either.

General Garden Work

SEPTEMBER is an important month in the garden, second only to May. Those perennials which bloom earlier in the season and died down weeks ago, will now be getting ready to start their Fall growth. This is the month to move, introduce or replant most of them, although the work can also be carried out in the early Spring. Iris and peony roots are bought now while delphiniums, phlox and later blooming perennials are best put in a little later. In starting a new perennial bed, it is very important to prepare the soil well in advance. This means deep digging, the provision of some sort of drainage in very heavy soil, and the working in of well-rotted manure. Iris should be planted very shallow, only partially covering the fleshy part of the roots. The tops of the peony roots should not be buried more than an inch or two below the surface, as deep planted peonies will not bloom. Shrubs can also go in at this time. Those flowers, such as the straw-flowers and Chinese lanterns, which were planted to provide Winter bouquets, will need attention now. Select well-developed buds that are just beginning to open, cut with long stems and hang upside down in some dark warm place to dry out.

The Jersey Cow

YOU can be quite sure that one of the very best cows for the small farm is that fine dairy cow, the ever delightful Jersey. Delightful because of its deer-like form and head and its great sensitive eyes. And as a dairy animal few have better-shaped udders. She is also a cow with an extremely quiet, docile, kindly nature—all very important on the one-man farm, saving time and temper and inconvenience. For the man with small acreage and limited means and for the man who wishes to forge ahead, great opportunity rests in the Jersey breed. For the owner of the small herd of Jersey cows has the means of capturing so much of the local milk trade as he wishes and can supply. Can you wonder at this. Is anyone likely to buy ordinary everyday milk when it is possible to get milk that when left standing in a glass forms several inches of thick, rich yellow cream? And the butter, too, stands well away from ordinary butter because of its surprising color, and into the bargain you get far more butter per gallon of milk. It is surprising that not more Jersey cattle are kept, for, considering the size of the animal, the milk yields are extraordinary. Many a cow gives her thousand gallons of milk a year and does this at extremely low cost. All this is well worth your consideration, because even the very best of pedigree Jersey cows are yet to be bought at very little money, and as you will understand from the foregoing facts is one of the very best small farmers' cows in the world.

Care of Geese

ONE of the best ways of getting the geese into good condition for fattening—the process should begin about the middle of September—is to feed them on plenty of turnips. Up to the present you have probably been supplying the goslings with a small feed of wet mash in the morning and a full meal of soaked grain in the evening. But now that the birds have larger appetites—they do eat tremendously—it's a pretty costly job to carry on in the same way. Those who grow turnips on their land (i.e., their farm, ranch, or perhaps a more satisfactory word, smallholding) should follow the plans adopted with very good results by a number of big goose rearers in different parts of the country. It is customary when sheep are being fed on the roots to pen them in folds on the field. The sheep are allowed to eat as they will. When the patch becomes bare the fold is moved on to an adjacent area. This plan can also be adopted with geese. Make up a small pen with hurdles or run netting round and put in a bunch of growing geese. Give them nothing else to eat, and as soon as that part of the crop has been cleared, make another run. Keep on in this way until fattening time comes around when, of course, you will pen the birds up. The geese thrive famously. The land also benefits, since the droppings from the birds are spread directly on the ground. The birds need not be housed, and no litter is needed. Some of you who have a quantity of turnips to spare should try this plan.

Aids to Ailing Turkeys

FROM the time of its birth, there are three distinct periods of a turkey's life when it needs special care: The first is during the first few weeks, the second is at the "shooting of the red," and the third, which concerns us now, is during the Autumn. This latter case seems to cause a great deal of trouble in that one is at a loss to discover the cause. The symptoms are a suddenly-noticed paleness on the part of a few of the young turkeys which, on being handled, appear thin along the breastbone and thighs. The cause is simple. It is merely due to the pugnacious habits of turkeys so that the bigger ones keep the smaller one away from their proper share of food. The cure is as simple as the cause, but needs to be undertaken at once. The affected birds are taken up to a shed and placed either in a roomy hamper or, better still, a disused wire exhibition pen fitted up with two tins—one for mash and one for water—and littered with whole straw. The birds are then fed mainly on a good "grower's" mash containing 2 per cent of veterinary cod liver oil. Being at liberty to eat as much as they like, their improvement will be very rapid, and as soon as their courage has returned they can be put back with the flock, when their more robust nature will help them to fend better for themselves with their erstwhile bullying brethren.

Garden Notes

The Rose of Sharon is an ornamental shrub growing to a height of six to twelve feet. There are forms with single and double flowers ranging from blue-purple to violet-red, flesh color and white. There are also forms with varigated leaves. This shrub is in blossom now.

The primrose is a plant that likes to grow in an open, half-shady position in rich soil. It is an indispensable Spring flower and should be used in the wild garden or the rock garden.

Now is a good time to transplant Oriental poppies.

Many of the hardy perennials like candytuft, lavender, cerastium, phlox, catmint, etc., can be propagated from cuttings now.

Cuttings of English ivy can be rooted very easily if inserted in soil and kept moist.

Leaves that are raked up on the lawn should be saved, as they make an excellent covering for the perennial border in the Winter.

The orange-scarlet, lantern-like fruits of the Chinese lantern plant are attracting a great deal of attention now. When cut they will last all Winter.

Michaelmas daisies are always one of the great features in the Autumn garden. They may be had in many different shades.

Fall Planted Bulbs

THE time has arrived to think of preparing for the Spring garden, and also for a supply of Winter blooming flowers. Bulbs are chiefly relied upon for both these purposes, and recent importations of tulips, hyacinths, narcissus, and similar flowers will now be available in all seed stores. It is a simple matter to have a brilliant display of bloom in early Spring if the bulbs are planted in early September or October. When different varieties are chosen, the blooming period will be spread over that otherwise barren season of the year, from early Spring until the first of the perennials commence to flower. Most of these bulbs can also be grown indoors for flowering during the Winter months. In the catalogues, varieties of tulips, narcissus and hyacinths that are suitable for forcing indoors are usually listed separately. For this purpose they should be planted in pots, or special bulb bowls, using soil, fibre or pebbles, and they must be started in a cold, dark place, and kept there until the roots are well developed.

Garden Week by Week

By NORMAN W. F. RANT, F.R.H.S.

IT will soon be time to plant the rock garden, and the question of planting is one of the most important that arises in the cultivation of Alpine plants. Upon the planting depends not only the general appearance of the rock garden but the welfare of the plants themselves.

There are several points to be taken into consideration. The general effect of the planting and the display is of considerable consequence to the average gardener, although the collector attaches little importance to this. However, unless one considers one's garden a museum, the general appearance is of great importance.

To have a really satisfactory rock garden there must be a proper association of plants, for instance, such as like a dry place, those that like full sun, and so on, and it is well when planning one's planting to arrange that those subjects which like the same soil and situation shall be planted together. If careful planting is done at the beginning it will save much trouble in the future.

In purchasing plants for the rock garden one should get some that are suitable for each aspect which the rockery possesses. A few dwarf shrubs should be included, however small the rockery, as nothing gives so much character to a rock garden.

What to Plant

THE question arises whether to buy one plant of a kind or several. This depends largely upon the size of the rock garden and the size of its owner's pocketbook. If the object be chiefly to produce a great show of bloom it is far better to plant large groups of a few kinds than only one plant of a great many kinds. As a general rule a group of three will make a good showing from the start. Of course, when the commoner kinds are to be planted, such as aubrietia, pinks, and so on, a dozen or so may be used. These kinds will furnish the sheets of bloom at once and they may be replaced, later on, by rarer things which have increased so that they may be divided or otherwise increased. One may have to be content with one plant only of the very scarce kinds, but even these will increase in time and a good deal of interest will be the result of increasing them. The fact is that this is more than half the charm of rock gardening.

Placing the Plants

THE actual placing and planting of the subjects is a matter that will require a good deal of consideration. The beginner is apt to be misled by some of the exhibition rock gardens he has seen at flower shows. These often show plants seemingly growing in positions which in actual practice would be fatal to them. It is folly to expect a moisture-loving primula to grow in dry rock work or a sempervivum, or houseleek, which likes a high, dry position, to do well in a low moist part of the rockery. It is, therefore, highly advisable for the beginner to consult some book or catalogue which gives lists of plants suitable for certain positions.

Plant Firmly

ONE of the most important points in planting is to plant firmly. Plants that are set loosely in the soil seldom succeed. Many beginners overlook this very important point, much disappointment follows and many unkind things are said about the nurseryman who supplied the plants. It is a fact that more Alpine plants are lost from loose planting than from any other cause.

When rock garden plants are received in pots it is simply necessary to turn them out, remove the crocks and plant them. Subjects thus treated will receive no check. In fact, they will never know that they were moved. When plants are not pot-grown, somewhat more care in planting will be necessary, and if the plants are very small it is a good plan to pot and keep them in a frame for a few weeks, or until there is a good ball of roots in the pot. In planting be sure that water is given so as to wash the earth well into the root system of the plant and for a day or two a little shade, if the weather is hot, will be found of advantage. This can be easily given by the aid of a shingle.

Best Planting Months

SEPTEMBER and October are the two best months for planting Alpines, but planting may be done at any time during the Fall and Winter, except when there is frost. In fact, planting may be done at any time of the year if due care is used. One would not advise planting during the Summer drought, but if the plants have been established in pots there would be little risk.

Fruit From the Ground Up

A Series of Articles, Written From Actual Experience on Making a Small Fruit Farm on Vancouver Island

No. III

BUT the fire, calamity though we had thought it at first, was really a blessing in disguise. To be sure we had lost our woods, even some of the bits we had meant to keep. And the beautiful tree in front of the cabin, while the fire had not burned it entirely, had killed it. It must be cut down. But the land for the plantation had been largely cleared by flames, most of the trees fallen and all the underbrush burned to cinders. It would be black now and acrid where before it had been verdant and fragrant. But they told my husband that the fire had saved us many hundreds of dollars and this we realised before many weeks were passed. However, nothing could be done till the first rain fall. For days the ground was too hot to walk upon, and if one did venture an unwary step might send one into a hole where fire still lived.

The west side of our hill had not been touched, the wind saved it. Though there were no large trees there, maples, dogwood, alders and arbutus flourished as well as some small conifers. Nor was the ravine burned, though some trees had crashed into it in falling, and lay there black and broken. But the ribbon of water still trickled through and ferns were cool and green. In a very little while we knew all ugliness would be covered by the kindly hand of nature.

It was two months before the rains came in earnest, and, in the meantime, neighbors sorry for our plight, had been most kind. Henry found plenty of work to do at good wages, and with what I earned we began to save again. We had had a setback, but we were in no way discouraged. The strawberry planting would have to wait now until next year. But we should be able to set out a few rows, enough to cut runners from for planting the following season.

It was early October before we had the land ready, a strip about forty by a hundred feet, bound on three sides by the burnt lands. We bought one thousand plants at four dollars, Magoons, which are considered best for shipping.

After the land had been cleared of stumps and roots and the piles burned, holes must be filled in and stones taken care of. Until one has undertaken this last job, one has no conception of the number of stones, large and small, there are in an ordinary piece of ground. It seemed an endless task. It is an endless task. One can always keep at it. Even when we desisted and had the place ploughed we found as many again. Then, following the harrowing, we once more took up the labor of picking up and picking up, throwing them on Henry's home-made drag, and, with the aid of the willing old horse which he had hired from a neighbor, hauling them to the ever-growing pile from which we were making, by degrees, a very substantial wall. Then hollows still left must be blended with the main level as much as possible and the whole raked over.

Strawberries for propagating are planted the same as those for the plantation, for after the runners are cut they will become part of the main patch. This was the easiest part of the work and soon done. For the remainder of the year, until the Spring, we could confine ourselves to clearing and burning. At least so we thought, until Henry and I decided that no log cabin is complete without a fireplace.

Now I have been told by many a seasoned bricklayer and mason that it takes a long apprenticeship to be able to build a fireplace that will draw, and that even then the chances are that it will smoke. Who has not known the best and most expensive of such things to belch forth a sooty cloud into the room from time to time, or else emit constantly an almost invisible little thread, sufficient to keep one opening and closing windows. We were encouraged by the kindly remark of a neighbor who stated that he didn't see why Henry shouldn't undertake it as nearly everybody failed anyway.

As most people know a chimney must be grounded. So our start was made by digging out the foundation under the north side of the cabin and putting in a cement base. Our chimney and fireplace would, of course, be of the stone from the clearing. It was the stone pile in fact which had been our first inspiration. The dimensions we puzzled over for some time. Henry had never tried to build anything of the sort before. Though he prided himself on his carpentry, woodcraft and general knowledge of pioneering, he confessed that this was his maiden effort at a chimney. He wanted a firebox large enough to hold big bulk knots and fair-sized logs, and we thought that three feet by two should be about right. We were advised that this was rather large, but we examined others and concluded that it was no bigger than we wanted. Of course it meant a pretty substantial chimney, a much more bulky affair, too, than though it had been constructed of bricks. Fire bricks we must have, a few of them, and they are expensive, but we expected to use our own stones entirely. Sand we could get in plenty from a gravel bed in our own ravine, and a barrel of lime was quite enough. It cost two dollars a barrel, while the sack of cement cost one dollar. Henry contrived a mixing box of bits of flooring we had left from building. We utilised the nag and the drag to draw up a good pile of stones and then we started work.

The floor had to be cut through and it looked an alarmingly large hole, but, as Henry explained, half of it was the hearth. Our chimney was entirely outside the house. It took a great deal of ingenuity and patience to find the right stones to fit together, although we seemed to have them of every conceivable shape and size. The hearth itself was of cement, with the date, 1920, neatly imbedded on the side. Five feet up we had a mantel piece, a nice piece of split cedar. I kept burning bits of paper as the chimney progressed, to see if it was drawing properly. It always was. In fact it was a success from the start. But it was the hardest thing he had ever undertaken, Henry admitted, and he would not attempt another one for a hundred dollars.

By the time it was finished we needed it. The rains had started in earnest and the nights were chilly. It was to us a supreme joy, to sit there in the light from the leaping flames, with the wind blowing outside, the rain beating against our windows, and to fall asleep to the dying glow upon the walls. The fireplace was like a friend. Worthy of a name. We called it Joseph, and loved it like a brother.

(To Be Continued)

Harvesting Pears

(Experimental Farms Note)

PEARS differ from most fruits in that they develop best desert quality when harvested in a comparatively immature condition. Specimens which are permitted to mature on the tree lack the melting flesh and delicate flavor which make a properly ripened pear one of the most appetizing of fruits. On the other hand too early picking materially reduces the yield and results in a shriveled product deficient in quality.

In order to assist pear growers to pick their crop at the proper stage of maturity, the Summerland Experimental Station has carried on a pear harvesting experiment for the past four years. The general procedure has been to harvest fruit from the same trees every week for a period extending well over the commercial picking season. On each picking date careful records have been made of the size of the pears, their hardness and the ease with which they could be picked. The color of the skin and the corking over of the lenticels have also been recorded. The fruit has been stored under similar conditions to those encountered in delivering it to the consumer. At frequent intervals during the storage period the pears have been examined and a record kept of the dates when they reached eating maturity and when they became overripe. Records have also been kept of the development of flavor, shriveling and breakdown.

In brief, the results secured indicate that, as pears approach maturity on the tree, several changes take place which may be used in determining the most satisfactory picking time. The dull green color of the skin is replaced by a yellow tinge and a characteristic waxy finish, the dots becoming brown in color. The pear also becomes less firmly attached to the spur so that it may be easily removed from the tree with a slight upward twist.

The most significant change, from the standpoint of maturity tests, is the softening of the flesh. This can be accurately measured by means of a mechanical pressure tester. While the hardness of pears is sometimes influenced by factors other than maturity the pressure tester provides a comparatively dependable means of determining the proper time to pick this fruit. As varieties differ in firmness a separate pressure range is necessary for each variety. The following table shows suggested pressure ranges for the ten varieties grown most extensively in the Okanagan Valley.

Variety	Pressure Range*
Clapp	16-14
Bartlett	16-18
Boussock	12-10
Flemish	12-10
Duchess	11-10
Howell	12-12
Clairgeau	14-12
Bosc	13-11
Anjou	12-11
Nelis	14-12

*Pounds pressure required to force a 5-16 inch plunger 5-16 inch into the peeled flesh of the fruit.

Pears picked within the above pressure ranges have developed good quality and kept well for the variety. It should be clearly born in mind, however, that even when picked at the proper stage of maturity the storage life of many varieties of pears is extremely short. This is especially true if they are kept at high temperatures. Thus at a temperature of sixty degrees Farenheit the Bartlett commonly reaches eating maturity within two weeks from the time of picking. Furthermore, it usually becomes overripe within the next five days. Where precooling and cold storage facilities are available the life of this variety can be more than trebled. The importance of prompt cooling as a means of extending the storage life of pears is not yet fully appreciated.

Sowing Grass Seed

NOW that the hot weather of Summer is about over, it is safe to plant grass seed again. Bare spots in the lawn may be seeded as well as new lawns started. Stir up the soil well—it may be necessary to dig it with a spade—rake level, then press the seed in firmly with a roller or pounder. It is not worth while to sow Dutch clover at this time as it might kill the grass during the Winter. Get the other seed in now, and next Spring secure a few pounds of White Dutch and sprinkle over the lawn when the ground is soft in April. One can broadcast the seed over a late snowfall, and as the snow melts the seed will work down into the soil and the new plants will be showing well above the ground in June. A sprinkle of nitrate of soda, a scant handful to the square yard, just when the grass begins to show through the soil, will hasten growth. This should be done preferably just before a shower, or watering, to prevent burning. Use plenty of seed in sowing, and if the weather turns dry it will pay to water well with a fine nozzle.